M.M. COLE EDITION

of

Carson J. Robison's

World's Greatest Collection of

Mountain Ballads and Old Time Songs

with *Words and Music* *Guitar Chords Piano Accompaniment*

CONTAINS

31 Big Hits

such as

Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Dying Cowboy
Golden Slippers
Birmingham Jail
When the Work's All Done This Fall
She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain
East Bound Train
Bury Me Out on the Prairie
Letter Edged in Black
Hand Me Down My Walking Cane

Also Guitar Chords.

PRICE 75¢

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CONTENTS

Name	Page
BARBARA ALLEN	47
BILLY BOY	33
BIRMINGHAM JAIL	17
BURY ME OUT ON THE PRAIRIE	8
CAN I SLEEP IN YOUR BARN TO-NIGHT MISTER	38
DEATH OF JOHN HENRY	46
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME	34
DYING COWBOY, THE	35
EAST BOUND TRAIN, THE	20
FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO	48
FRANKIE & JOHNNY	16
GOLDEN SLIPPERS	14
GOODBYE, MY LOVER, GOODBYE	40
HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM	7
HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE	22
I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN	24
LANE COUNTY BACHELOR, THE	30
LETTER EDGED IN BLACK, THE	12
MY HORSES AIN'T HUNGRY	32
ON THE DIXIE BEE LINE	44
PASS AROUND THE BOTTLE	26
PEARL BRYAN	28
PRETTY LITTLE DEAR	51
ANNIE ROONEY	50
ROVIN' GAMBLER, THE	42
SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN	3
SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN	5
TENNESSEE SWEETHEART	10
THAT BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN	4
THE BRIGHT MOHAWK VALLEY	36
WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL	18

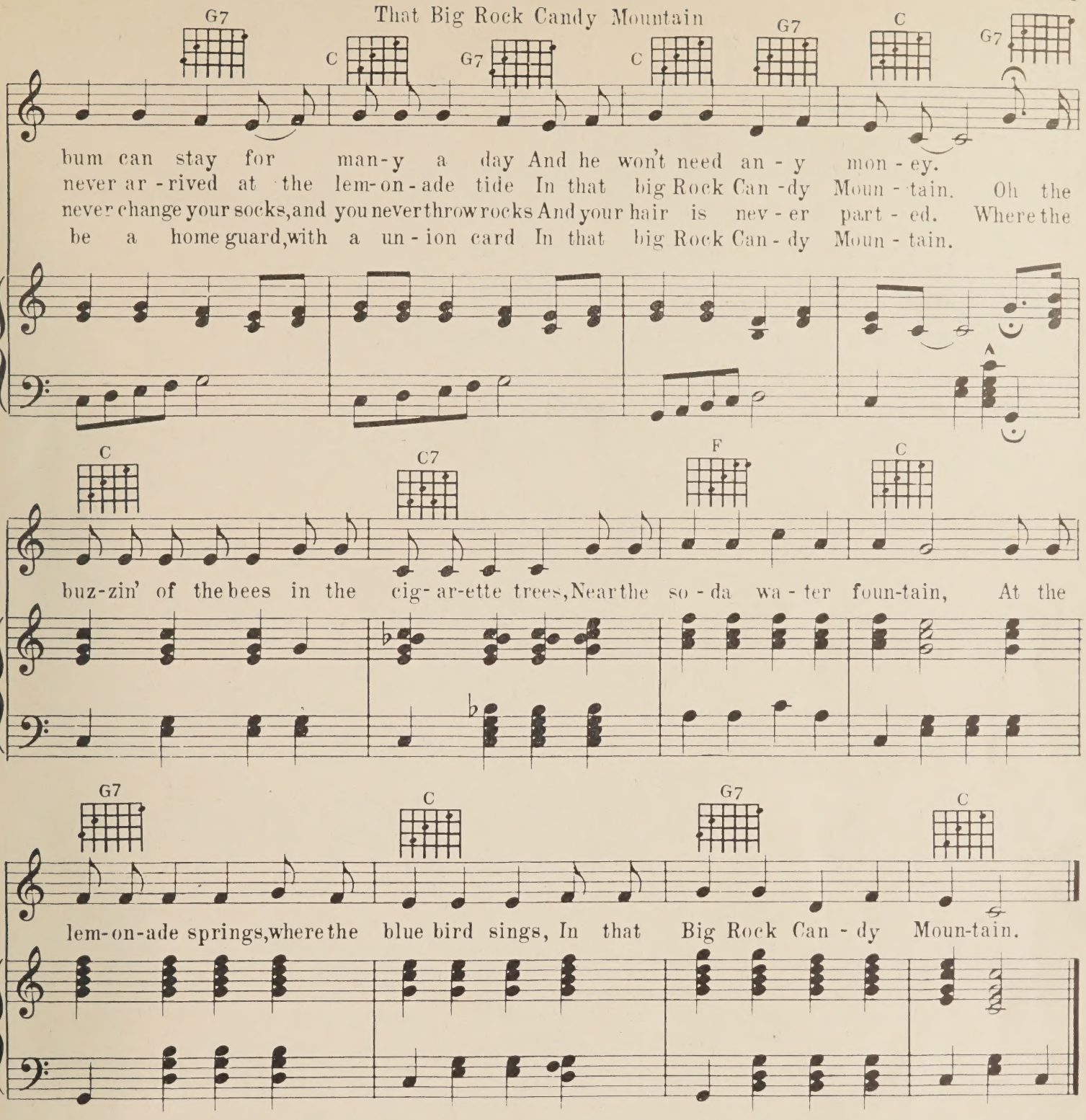
She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain

G
1. She'll be com-in' round the mountain when she comes, She'll be com-in' round the
2. She'll be driving six white hor-ses when she comes, She'll be driving six white
3. Oh we'll all go to meet her when she comes, Oh we'll all go to
D7
G
G7
mountain when she comes, She'll be com-in' round the mountain, She'll be
hor-ses when she comes, She'll be driving six white hor-ses, She'll be
meet her when she comes, We will kill the old red roost-er, We will
C
G
D7
G
com-in' round the mountain, She'll be com-in' round the mountain when she comes.
driving six white hor-ses, She'll be driving six white hor-ses when she comes.
kill the old red roost-er, And we'll all have chicken an' dumplin's when she comes.

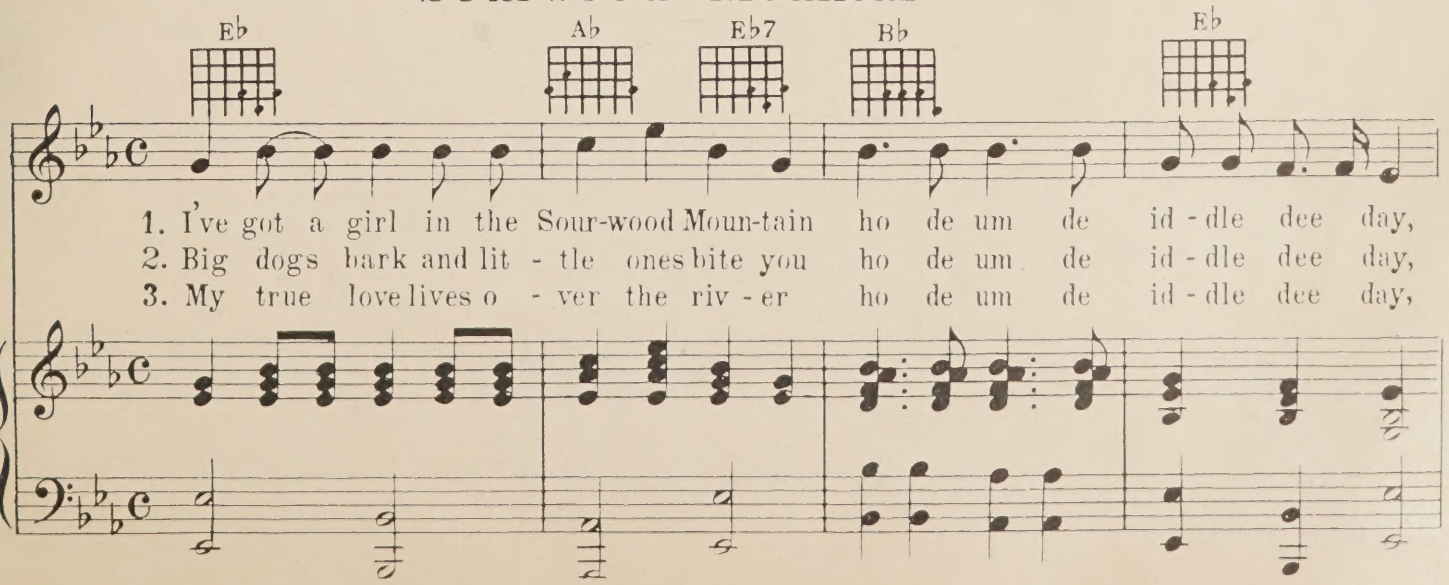
That Big Rock Candy Mountain

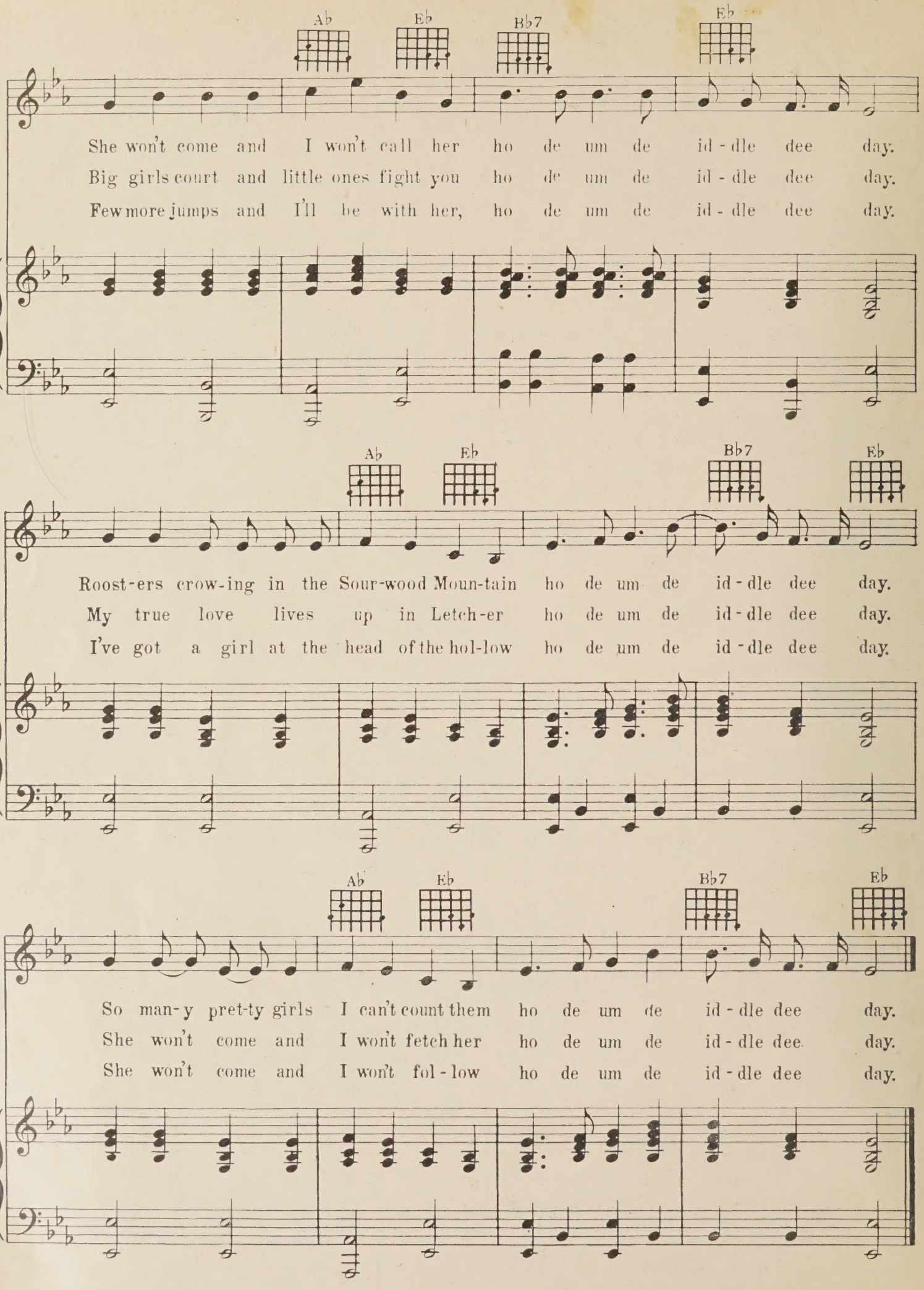
C G7 C G7 C G7 C
1. On a sum-mer day in the month of May, A bur-ly bum came hik-ing Down a
2. On a run came a farmer and his son To the hay fields they were bounding Said the
3. There's a lake of jin, we can both jump in, And the hand outs grow in bunch-es In the
4. Jack rolled his eyes up to the skies, And said to the bum named San-dy, "I'm weary,
G7 C G7 C G7 C
sha-dy lane through the sug-ar-cane, He was look-ing for his lik-ing As he
bum to the son "Why don't you come, To that big Rock Can-dy Moun-tain, So the
new mown hey, we can sleep all day And the bars all have free lunch-es, Where the
I'm starved, I want a steak to carve, Where is that gol-darn can-dy? I'll hike
G7 C G7 C
roamed a-long he sang a song of the land and milk and hon-ey, Where a
ver-y next day they hiked a-way the mile posts they kept count-ing, But they
mail train stops, and there ain't no cops and the folks are ten-der-heart-ed, Where you
no more for my feet are sore, I'll nev-er reach that foun-tain, I wanta

That Big Rock Candy Mountain

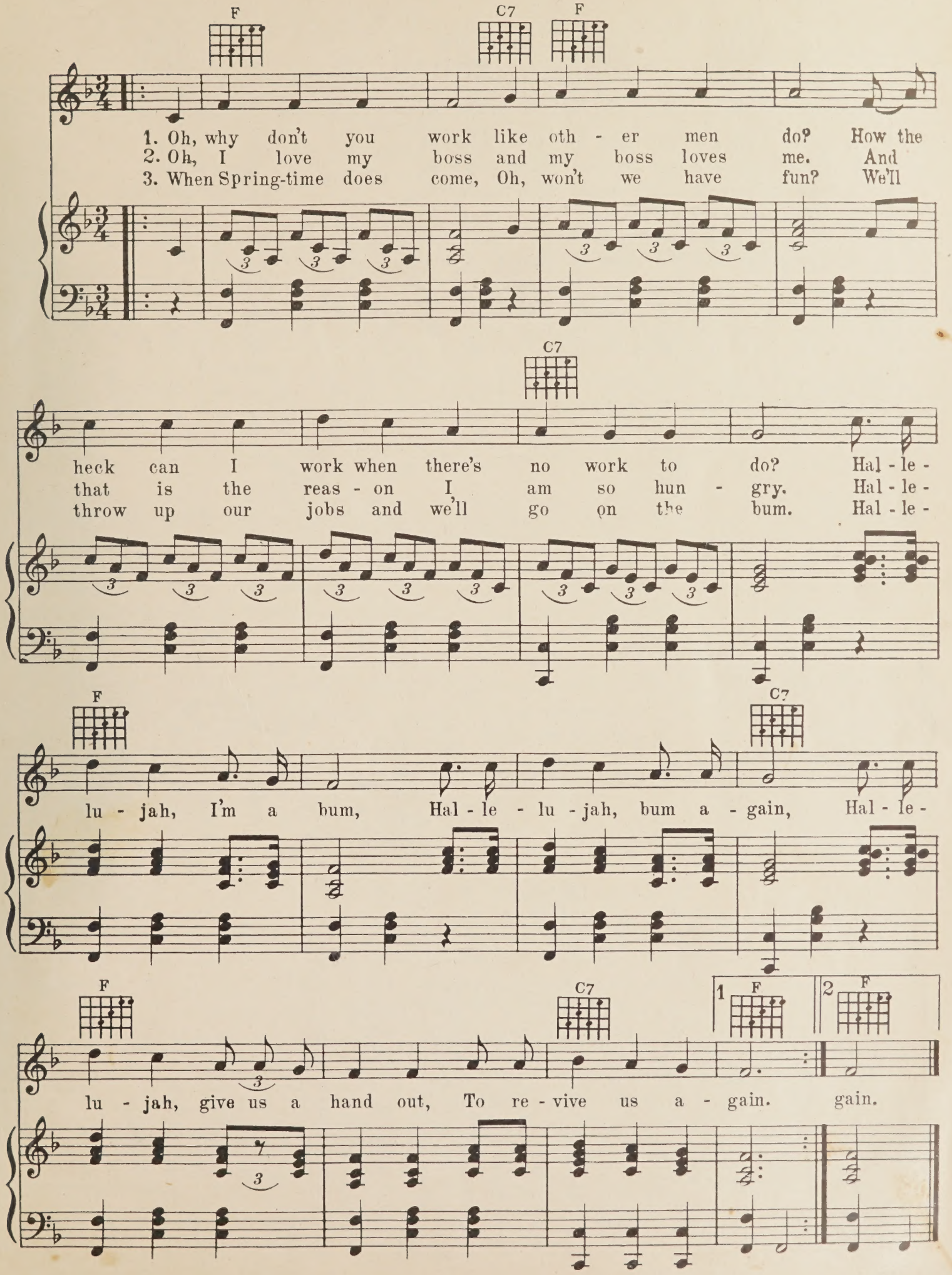

G7 C G7 C G7 C G7
bum can stay for man-y a day And he won't need an - y mon - ey.
never ar - rived at the lem-on-ade tide In that big Rock Can - dy Moun - tain. Oh the
never change your socks, and you never throw rocks And your hair is nev - er part - ed. Where the
be a home guard, with a un - ion card In that big Rock Can - dy Moun - tain.
C C7 F C
buz-zin' of the bees in the cig-ar-ette trees, Near the so - da wa - ter foun-tain, At the
G7 C G7 C
lem-on-ade springs, where the blue bird sings, In that Big Rock Can - dy Moun-tain.

Sourwood Mountain


Eb Ab Eb7 Bb Eb
1. I've got a girl in the Sour-wood Moun-tain ho de um de id - dle dee day,
2. Big dogs bark and lit - tle ones bite you ho de um de id - dle dee day,
3. My true love lives o - ver the riv - er ho de um de id - dle dee day,

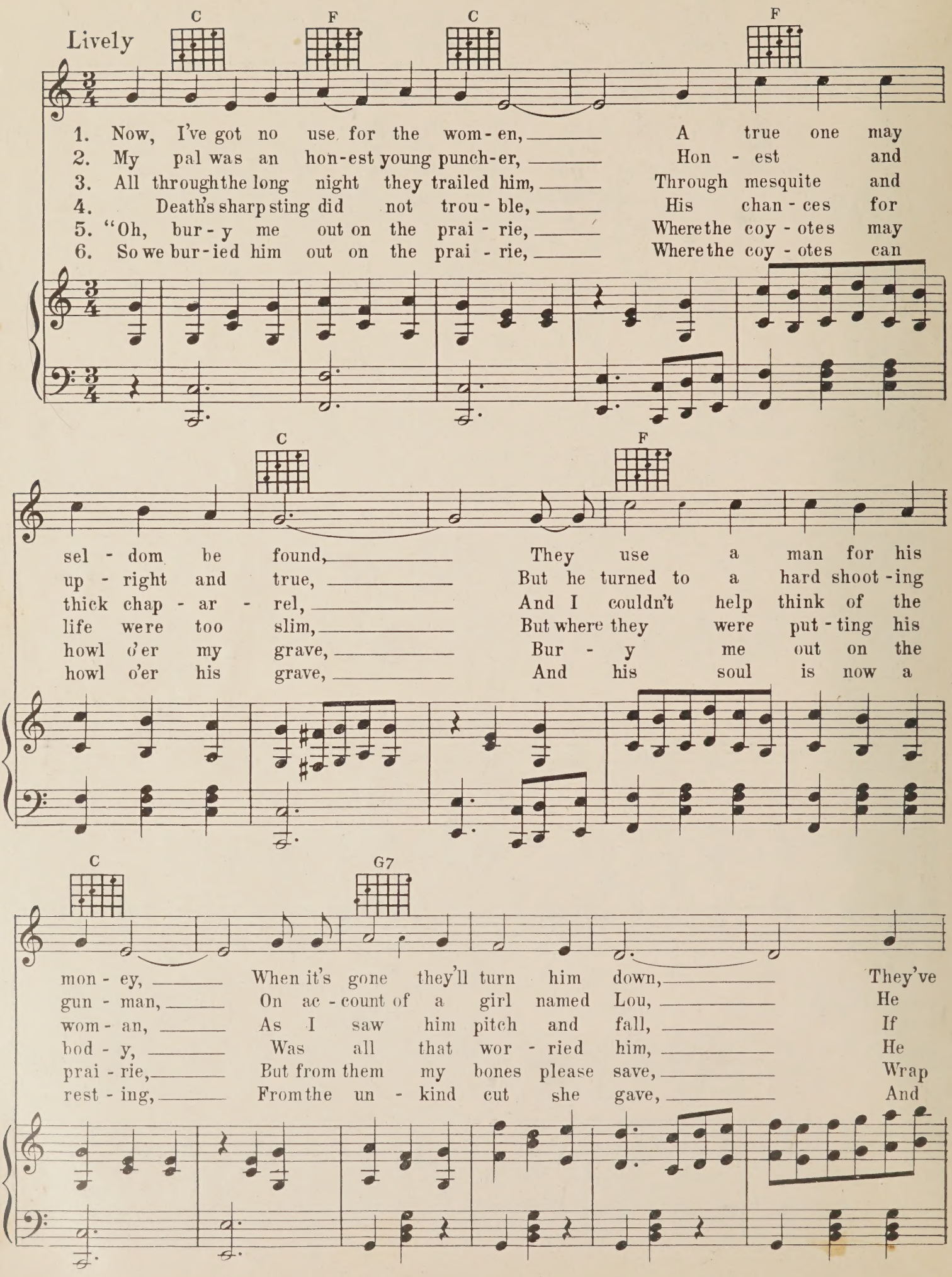

Ab
Eb
Bb7
Eb
She won't come and I won't call her ho de um de id - dle dee day.
Big girls court and little ones fight you ho de um de id - dle dee day.
Few more jumps and I'll be with her, ho de um de id - dle dee day.
Ab
Eb
Bb7
Eb
Roost-ers crow-ing in the Sour-wood Moun-tain ho de um de id - dle dee day.
My true love lives up in Letch-er ho de um de id - dle dee day.
I've got a girl at the head of the hol-low ho de um de id - dle dee day.
Ab
Eb
Bb7
Eb
So man-y pret-ty girls I can't count them ho de um de id - dle dee day.
She won't come and I won't fetch her ho de um de id - dle dee day.
She won't come and I won't fol - low ho de um de id - dle dee day.

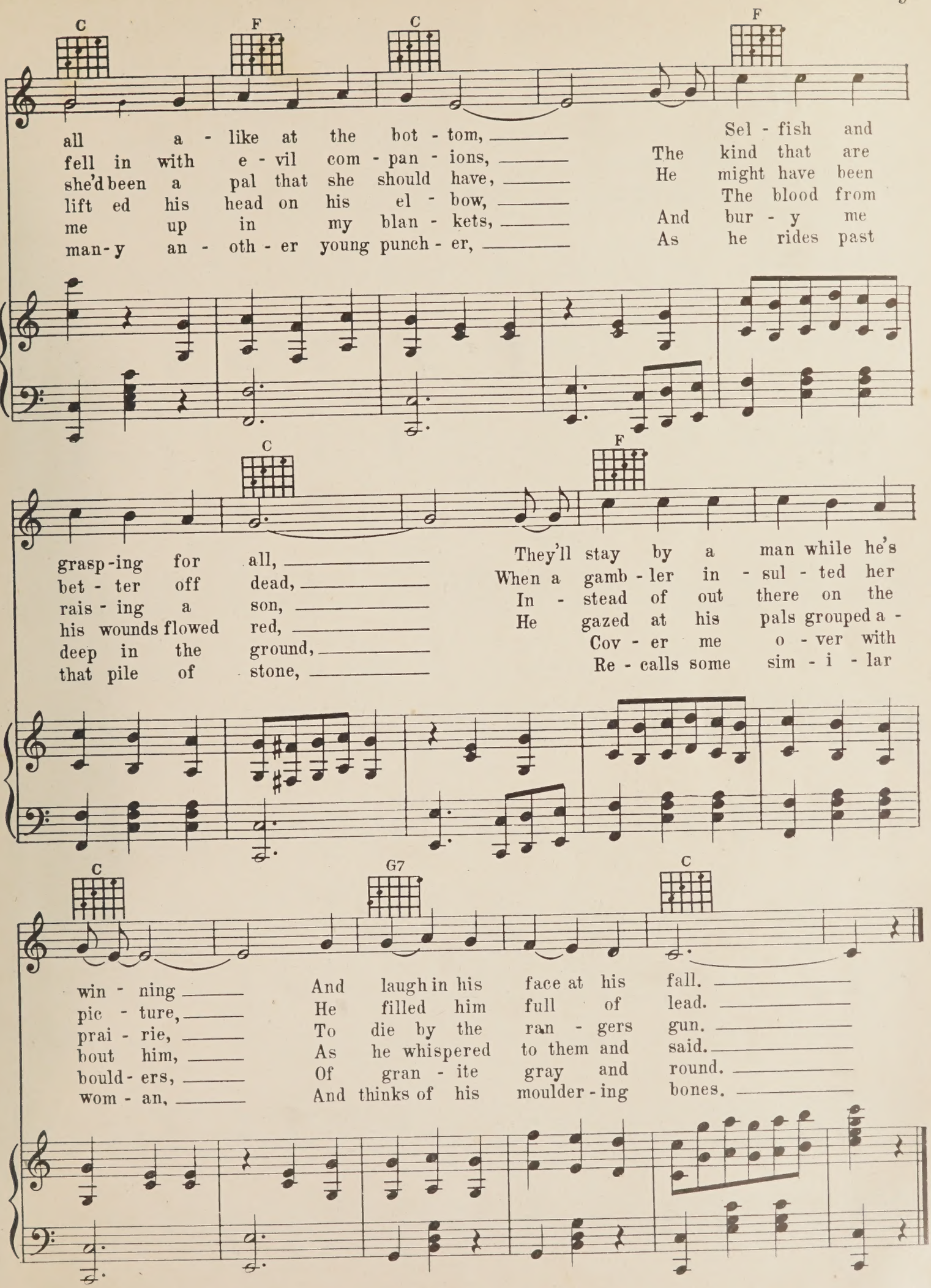
Hallelujah I'm a Bum


F
C7
F
1. Oh, why don't you work like oth - er men do? How the
2. Oh, I love my boss and my boss loves me. And
3. When Spring-time does come, Oh, won't we have fun? We'll
C7
heck can I work when there's no work to do? Hal - le -
that is the reas - on I am so hun - gry. Hal - le -
throw up our jobs and we'll go on the bum. Hal - le -
F
C7
lu - jah, I'm a bum, Hal - le - lu - jah, bum a - gain, Hal - le -
F
C7
1 F
2 F
lu - jah, give us a hand out, To re - vive us a - gain. gain.

WILSON

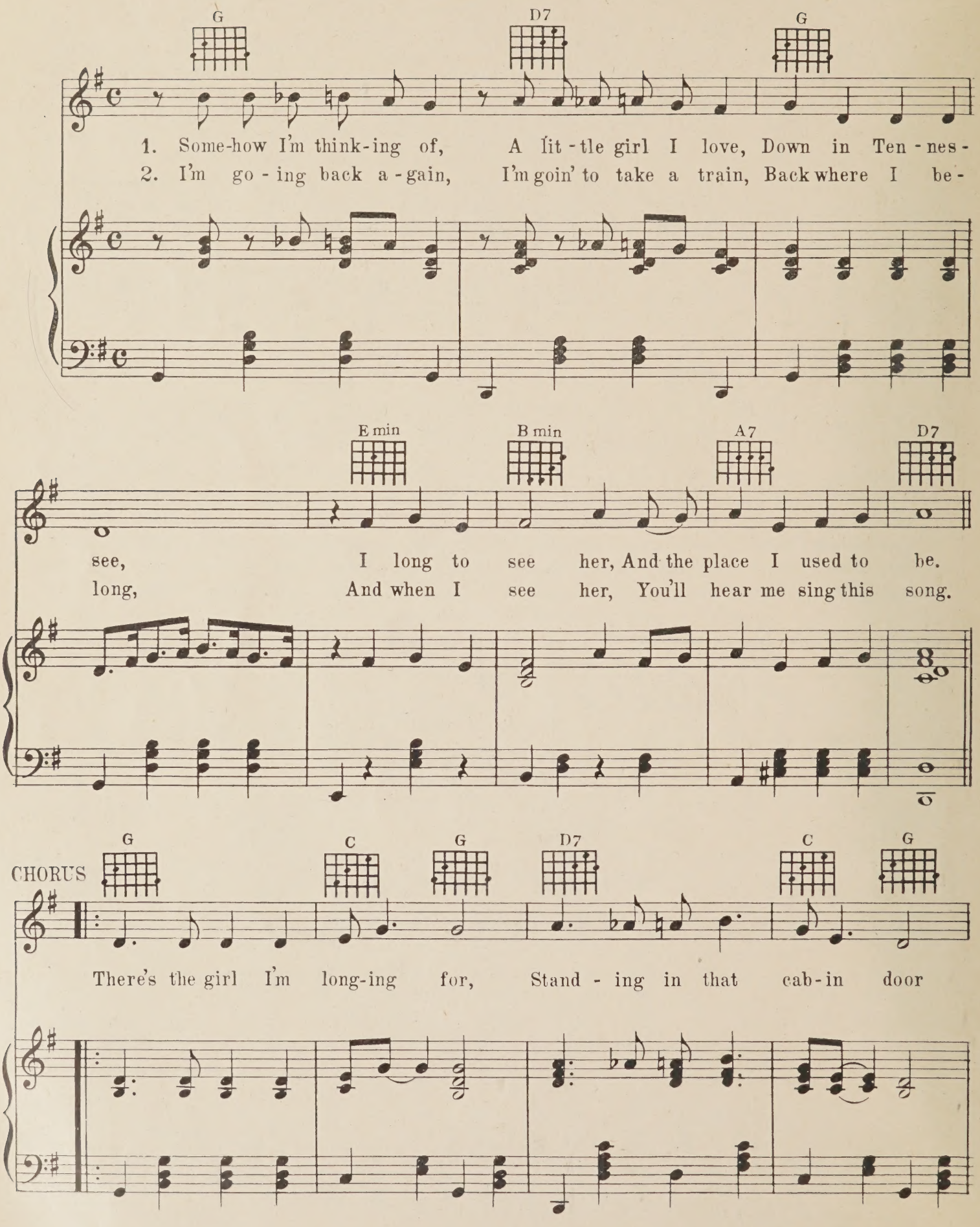
Bury Me Out on the Prairie


Lively
C F C F
1. Now, I've got no use for the wom - en, A true one may
2. My pal was an hon-est young punch-er, Hon - est and
3. All through the long night they trailed him, Through mesquite and
4. Death's sharp sting did not trou - ble, His chan - ces for
5. "Oh, bur - y me out on the prai - rie, Where the coy - otes may
6. So we bur-ied him out on the prai - rie, Where the coy - otes can
C F
sel - dom be found, They use a man for his
up - right and true, But he turned to a hard shoot - ing
thick chap - ar - rel, And I couldn't help think of the
life were too slim, But where they were put - ting his
howl o'er my grave, Bur - y me out on the
howl o'er his grave, And his soul is now a
C G7
mon - ey, When it's gone they'll turn him down, They've
gun - man, On ac - count of a girl named Lou, He
wom - an, As I saw him pitch and fall, If
bod - y, Was all that wor - ried him, He
prai - rie, But from them my bones please save, Wrap
rest - ing, From the un - kind cut she gave, And


C F C F
all a - like at the bot - tom,
fell in with e - vil com - pan - ions,
she'd been a pal that she should have,
lift ed his head on his el - bow,
me up in my blan - kets,
man-y an - oth - er young punch - er,
Sel - fish and
The kind that are
He might have been
The blood from
And bur - y me
As he rides past
C F
grasp-ing for all,
bet - ter off dead,
rais - ing a son,
his wounds flowed red,
deep in the ground,
that pile of stone,
They'll stay by a man while he's
When a gamb - ler in - sul - ted her
In - stead of out there on the
He gazed at his pals grouped a -
Cov - er me o - ver with
Re - calls some sim - i - lar
C G7 C
win - ning
pic - ture,
prai - rie,
bout him,
bould - ers,
wom - an,
And laugh in his face at his fall.
He filled him full of lead.
To die by the ran - gers gun.
As he whispered to them and said.
Of gran - ite gray and round.
And thinks of his moulder - ing bones.

Tennessee Sweetheart

Words & Music by
JOE MUSH


G
D7
G
1. Some-how I'm think-ing of, A lit-tle girl I love, Down in Ten-nes-
2. I'm go-ing back a-gain, I'm goin' to take a train, Back where I be-
E min
B min
A7
D7
see, I long to see her, And the place I used to be.
long, And when I see her, You'll hear me sing this song.
CHORUS
G
C
G
D7
C
G
There's the girl I'm long-ing for, Stand-ing in that cab-in door

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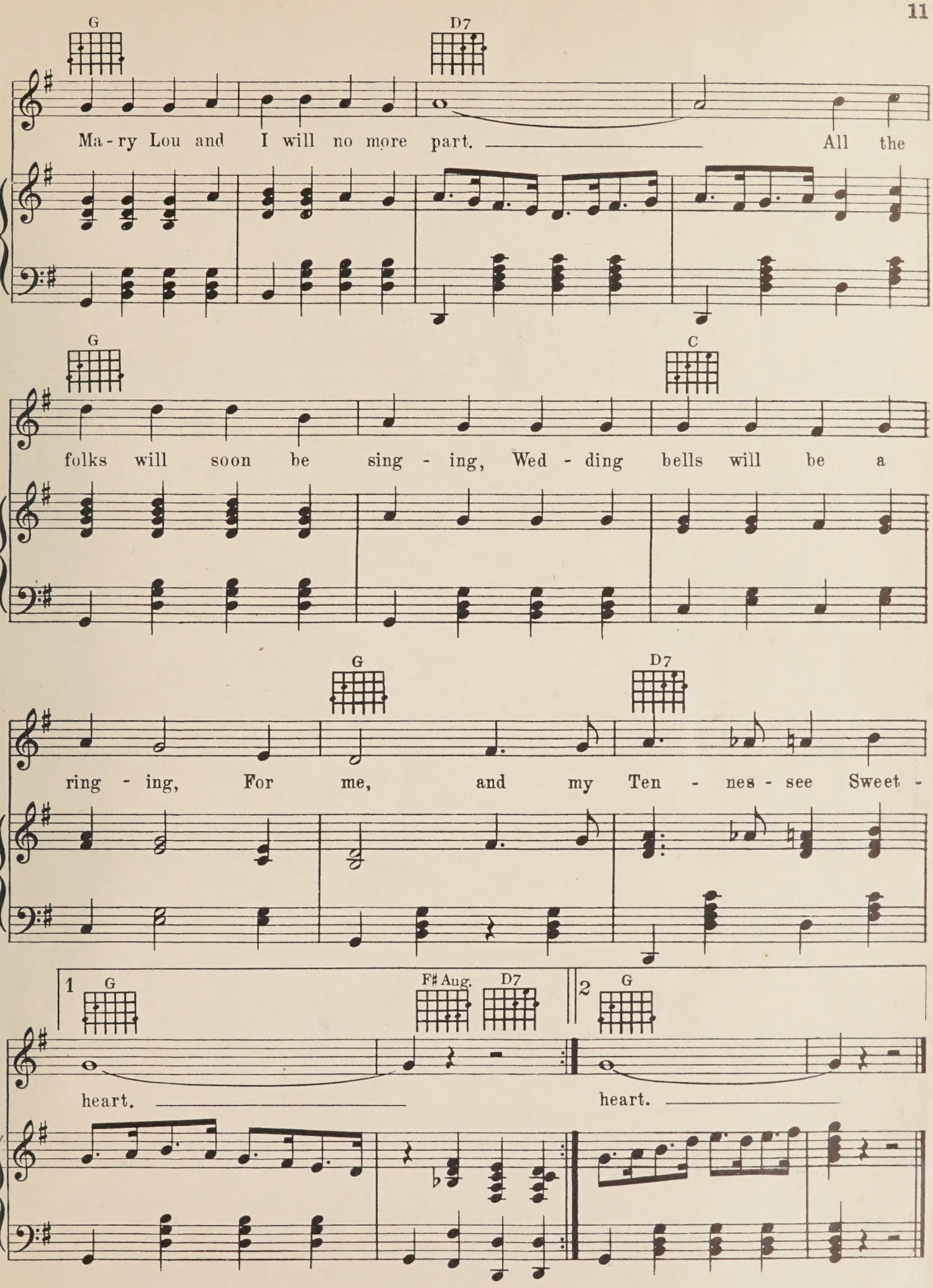
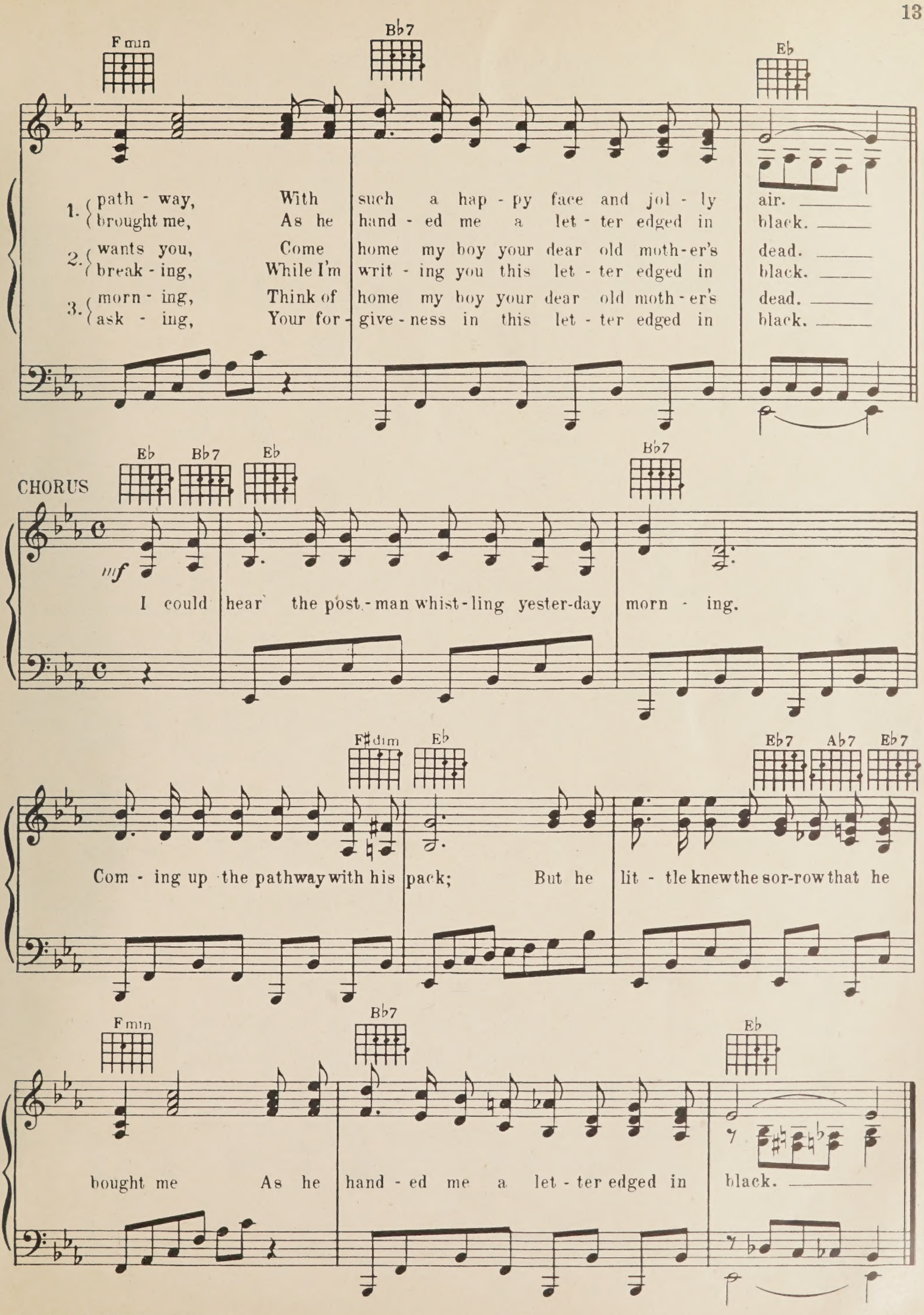
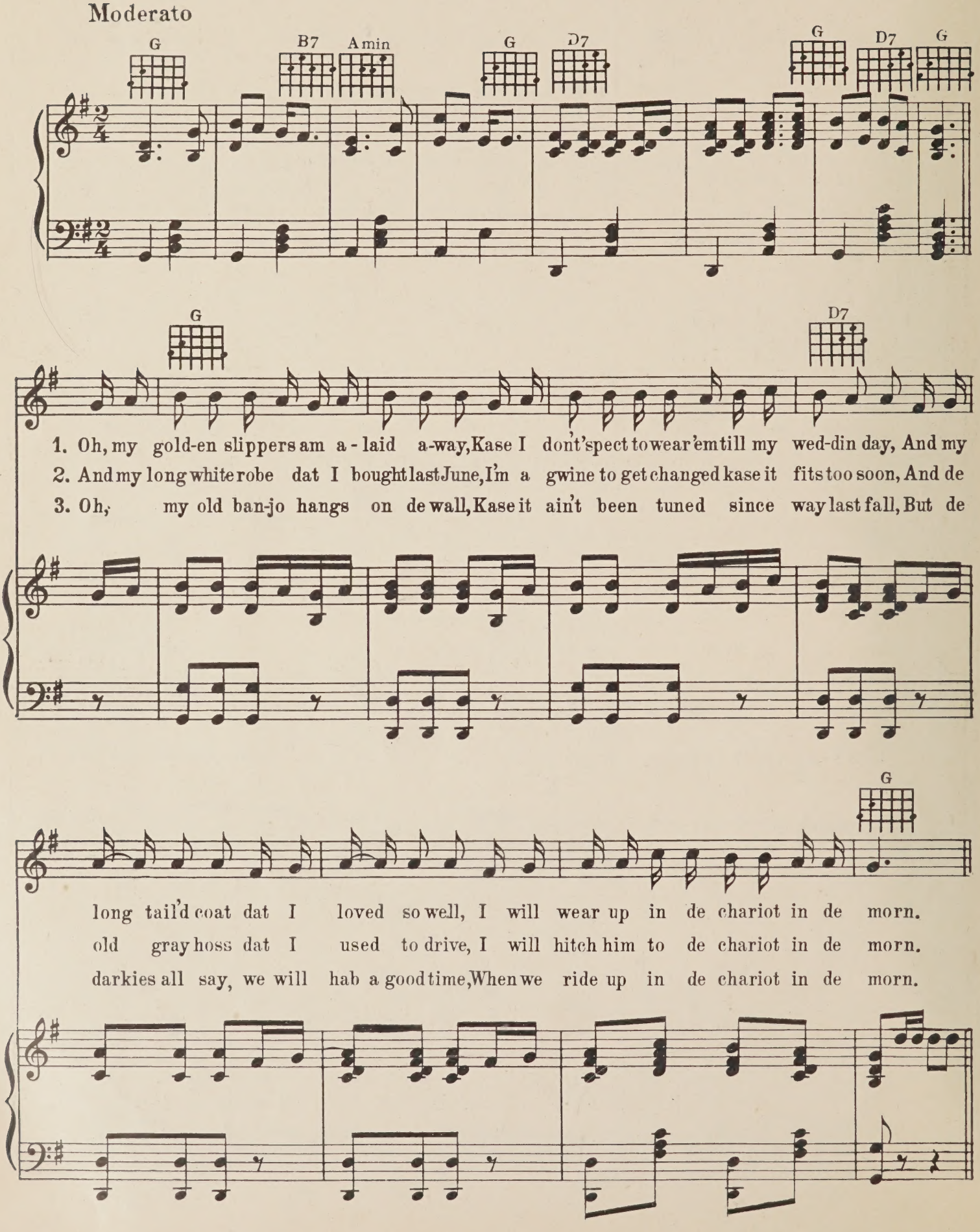

G
D7
Ma - ry Lou and I will no more part. All the
G
C
folks will soon be sing - ing, Wed - ding bells will be a
G
D7
ring - ing, For me, and my Ten - nes - see Sweet -
1
G
F♯ Aug.
D7
2
G
heart.
heart.

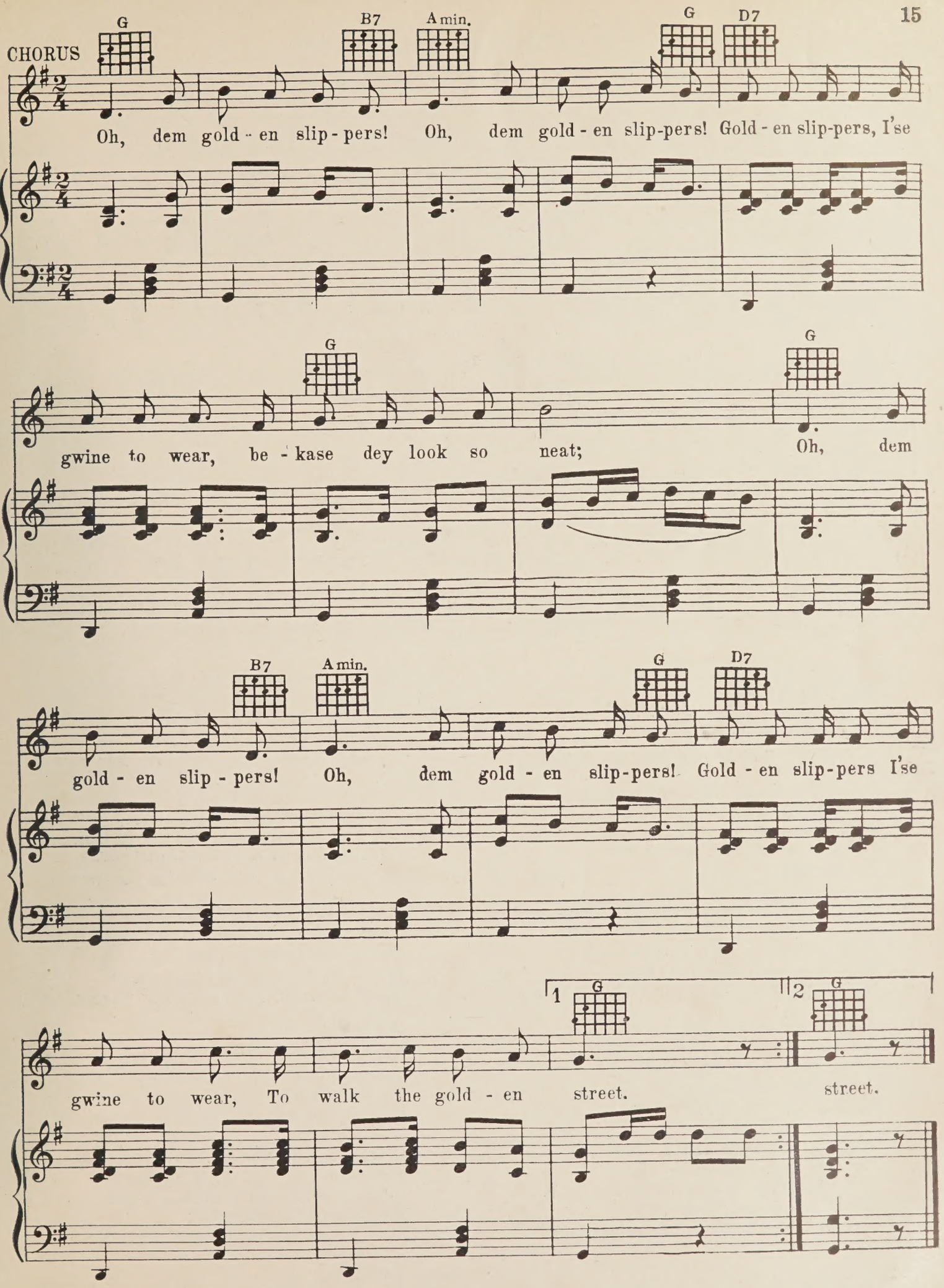
The Letter Edged in Black

Slowly
Eb
Eb7 Ab Eb Fmin
Bb7
Eb
mp
Eb Bb7 Eb
Bb7
p
1. I was stand - ing by the win - dow yesterday morn - ing With -
He rang the bell and whist-led as he wait - ed,
2. With tremb - ling hand I took the let - ter from him, I
The last words that your moth - er ev - er ut - tered,
3. I bowed my head in sor - row and in si - lence The
Those ang - ry words I wish I'd nev - er spo - ken, You
F♯dim Eb
Eb7 Ab Eb7
1. out a thot of wor - ry or of care When I saw the postman coming up the
Then he said "Goodmorning to you Jack." But he lit - tle knew the sor-row that he
2. broke the seal and this is what it said, "Come home my boy your dear old father
Tell my boy I want him to come back, My eyes are blured my poor old heart is
3. sunshine of my life it all had fled, Since the postman brot that let-ter yesterday
know I did not mean them, don't you, Jack. May the an - gels bear me witness I am

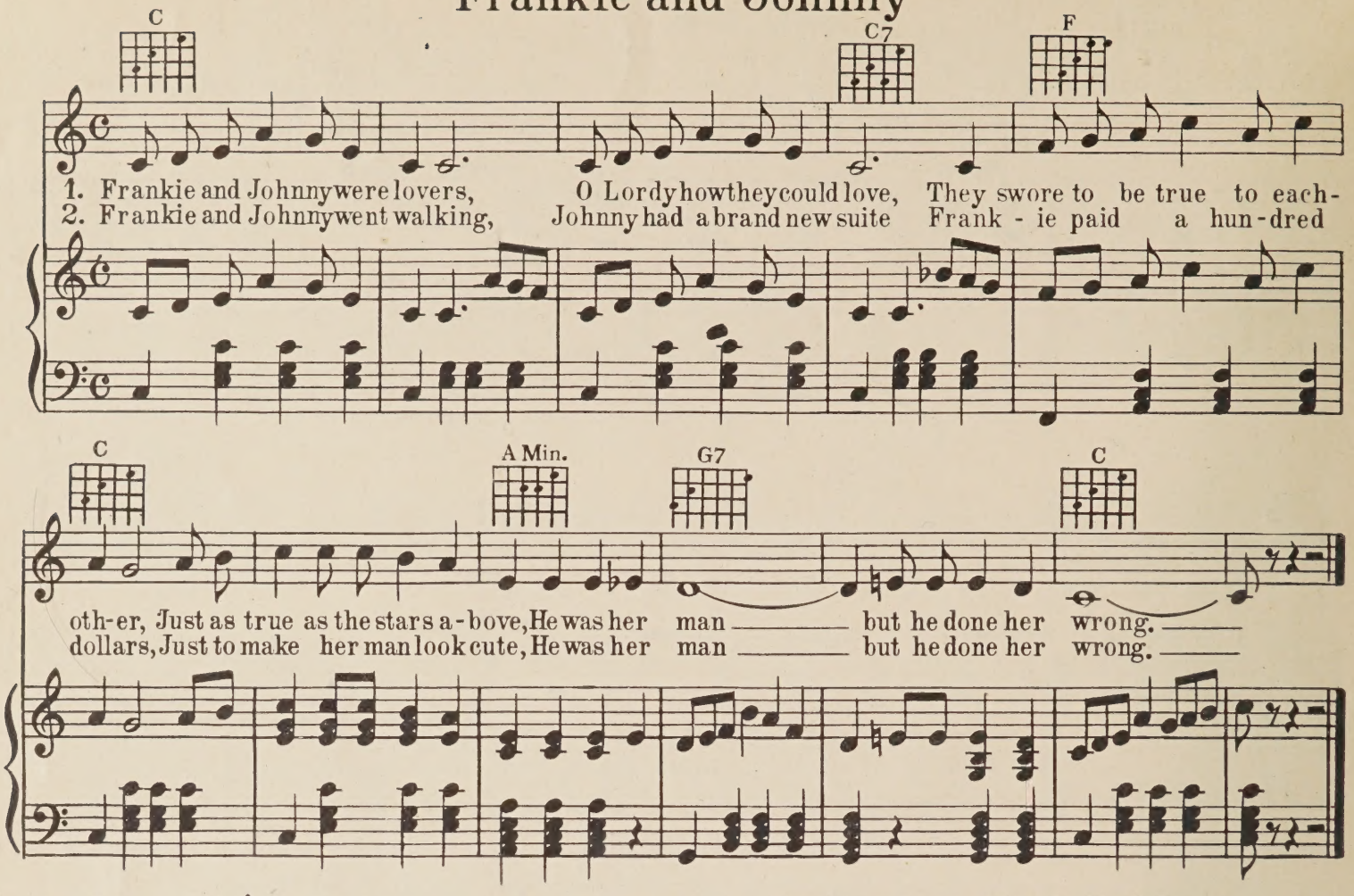

Fmin
Bb7
Eb
1. path - way, With such a hap - py face and jol - ly air.
brought me, As he hand - ed me a let - ter edged in black.
2. wants you, Come home my boy your dear old moth - er's dead.
break - ing, While I'm writ - ing you this let - ter edged in black.
3. morn - ing, Think of home my boy your dear old moth - er's dead.
ask - ing, Your for - give - ness in this let - ter edged in black.
CHORUS
Eb
Bb7
Eb
Bb7
mf
I could hear the post - man whist - ling yester-day morn - ing.
F♯dim
Eb
Eb7
Ab7
Eb7
Com - ing up the pathway with his pack; But he lit - tle knew the sor-row that he
Fmin
Bb7
Eb
bought me As he hand - ed me a let - ter edged in black.

Golden Slippers


Moderato
G
B7
A min
G
D7
G
D7
G
G
D7
1. Oh, my gold-en slippers am a - laid a-way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wed-din day, And my
2. And my long white robe dat I bought last June, I'm a gwine to get changed kase it fits too soon, And de
3. Oh, my old ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since way last fall, But de
G
long tail'd coat dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.
old gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.
darkies all say, we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.


CHORUS
G
B7
A min.
G
D7
Oh, dem gold - en slip - pers! Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Gold - en slip-pers, I'se
G
G
gwine to wear, be - kase dey look so neat; Oh, dem
B7
A min.
G
D7
gold - en slip - pers! Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Gold - en slip-pers I'se
1
G
2
G
gwine to wear, To walk the gold - en street. street.

Frankie and Johnny


C
C7
F
1. Frankie and Johnny were lovers, O Lordy how they could love, They swore to be true to each-
2. Frankie and Johnny went walking, Johnny had a brand new suite Frank - ie paid a hun - dred
C
A Min.
G7
C
oth-er, Just as true as the stars a - bove, He was her man ____ but he done her wrong. ____
dollars, Just to make her man look cute, He was her man ____ but he done her wrong. ____

3. Johnny said I've got to leave you,
But I won't be very long
Don't you wait up for me honey,
Nor worry while I'm gone
He was her man but he done her wrong.

4. Frankie went down to the corner,
Stopped in to buy her some beer
Says to the fat bar-tender
Has my Johnny man been here
He was her man but he done her wrong.

5. "Well I ain't going to tell you no story,
Ain't going to tell you no lie.
Johnny went by, 'bout an hour ago,
With a girl named Nellie Blye,
He was your man, but he's doin' you wrong.

6. Frankie went home in a hurry,
She didn't go there for fun,
She hurried home to get a hold,
Of Johnny's shootin' gun
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.

7. Frankie took a cab at the corner,
Says "Driver, step on this can!"
She was just a desperate woman,
Gettin' two-timed by her man.
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.

8. Frankie got out at South Clark Street,
Looked in a window so high
Saw her Johnny man a lovin' up,
That high brown Nellie Blye
He was her man, but he's doin' her wrong.

9. Johnny saw Frankie a comin',
Out the back door he did scoot,
But Frankie took aim with her pistol,
And the gun went root a toot-toot
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

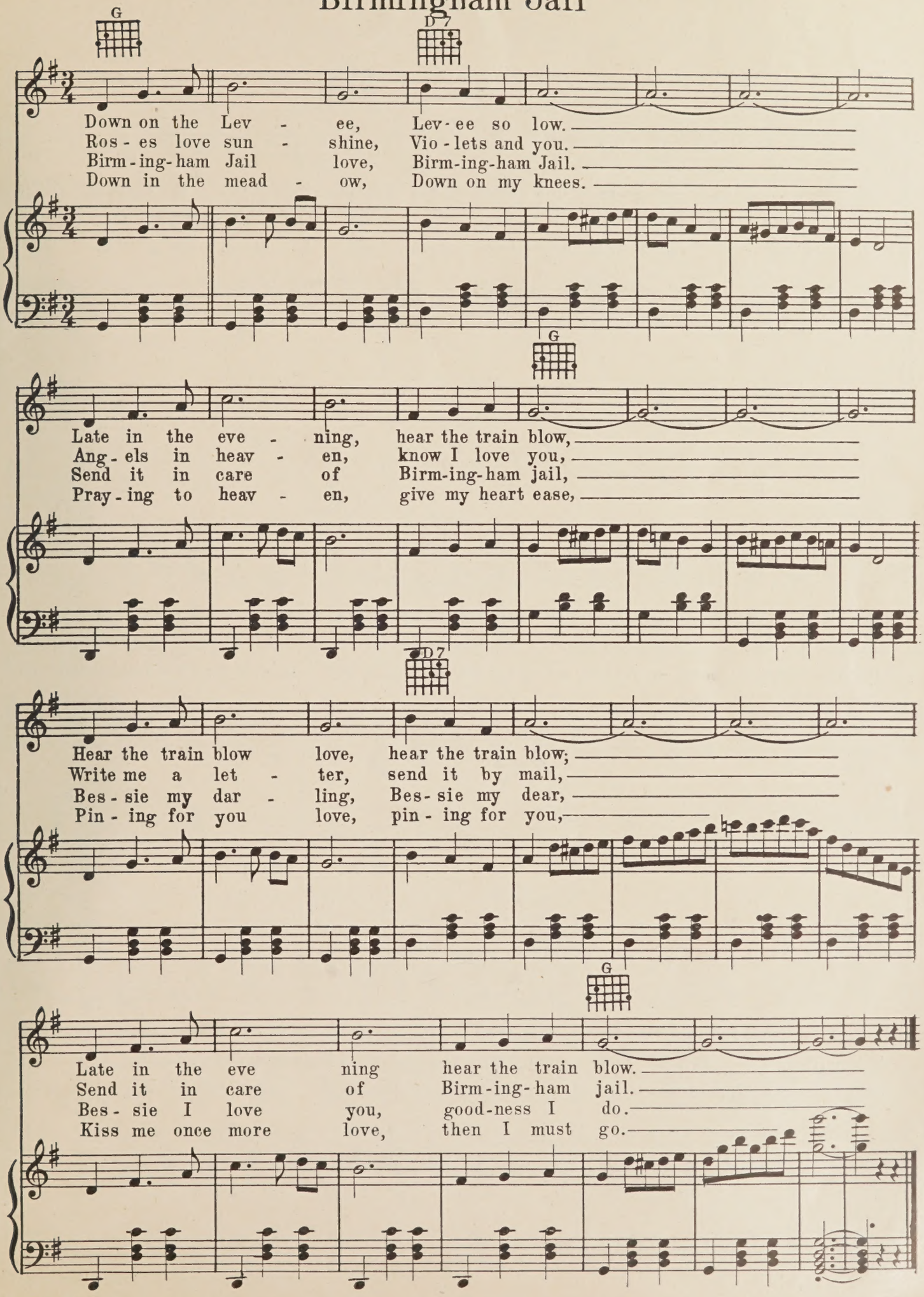
10. Oh roll me over so easy,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over easy boys,
Cause my wounds they hurt me so
I was her man, but I done her wrong.

11. Bring out your long black coffin,
Bring out your funeral clo'es,
Johnny's gone and cashed his checks,
To the grave-yard Johnny goes.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

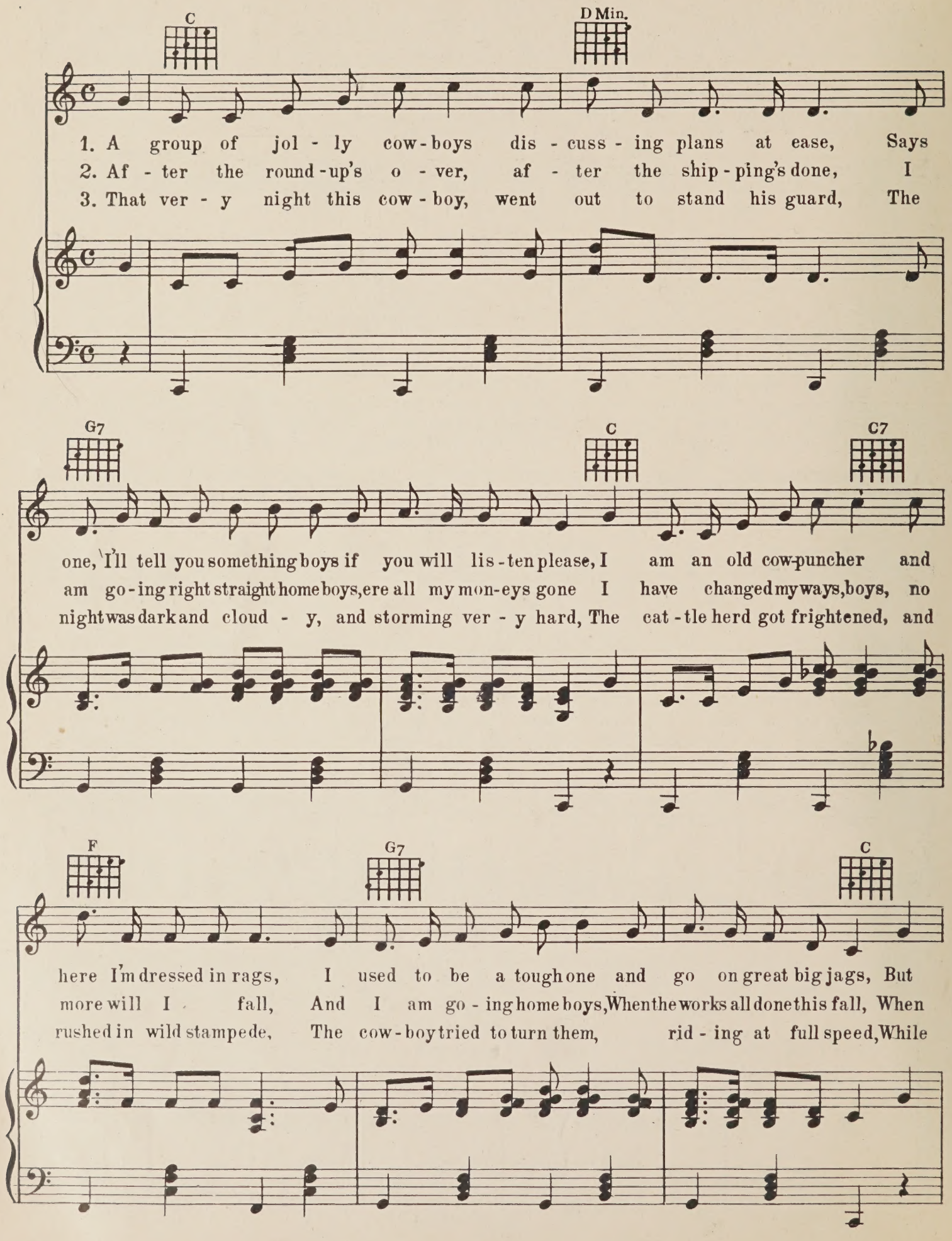
12. Drive out your rubber tired carriage,
Drive out your rubber tired hack
There's twelve men going to the grave-yard,
And eleven coming back
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

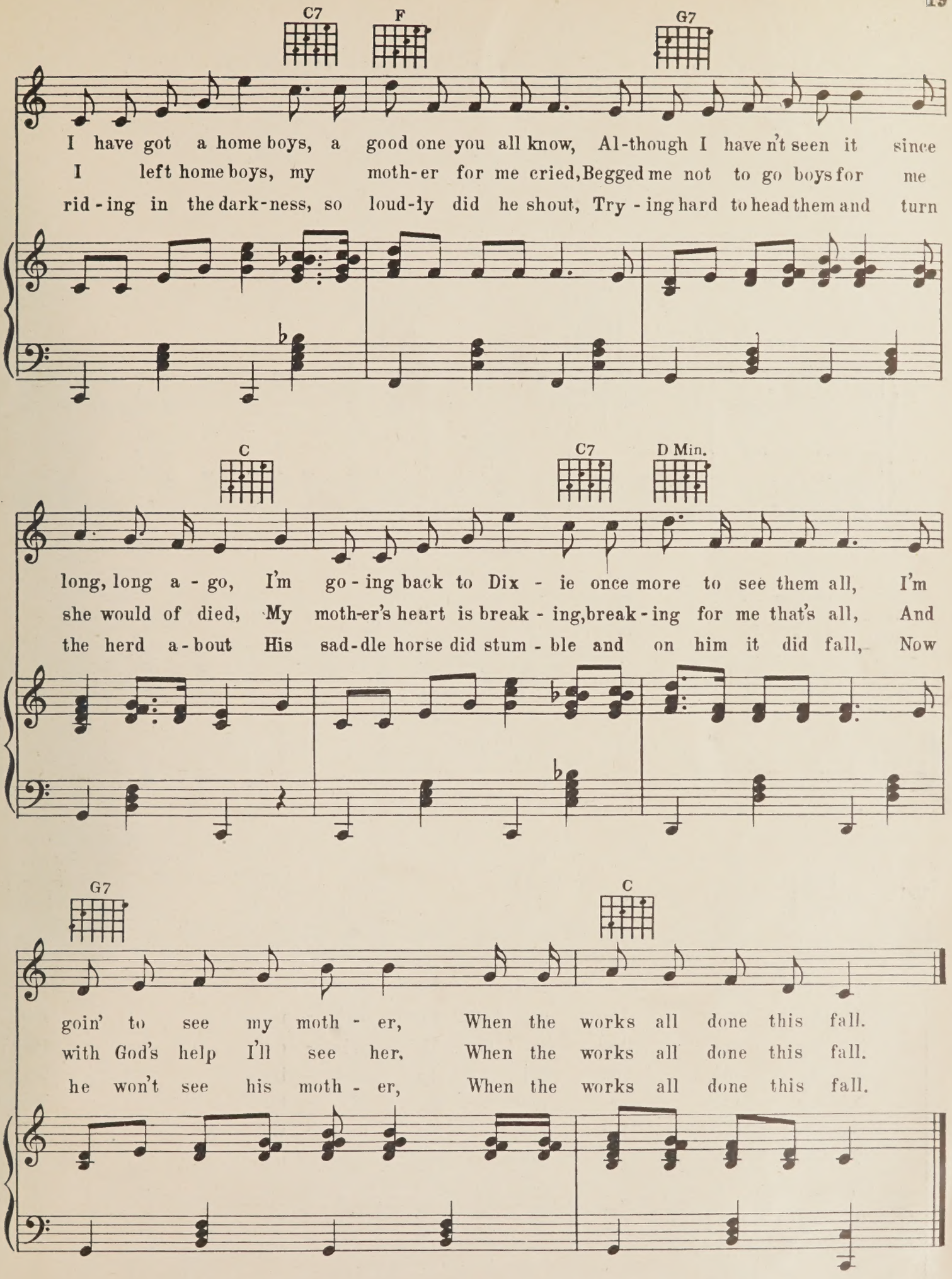
13. The sheriff arrested poor Frankie,
Took her to jail that same day
He locked he up in a dungeon cell,
And threw the key away,
She shot her man, though he done her wrong.

Birmingham Jail


G
D7
Down on the Lev - ee, Lev-ee so low.
Ros - es love sun - shine, Vio - lets and you.
Birm-ing-ham Jail love, Birm-ing-ham Jail.
Down in the mead - ow, Down on my knees.
G
Late in the eve - ning, hear the train blow,
Ang - els in heav - en, know I love you,
Send it in care of Birm-ing-ham jail,
Pray - ing to heav - en, give my heart ease,
D7
Hear the train blow love, hear the train blow;
Write me a let - ter, send it by mail,
Bes - sie my dar - ling, Bes - sie my dear,
Pin - ing for you love, pin - ing for you,
G
Late in the eve ning hear the train blow.
Send it in care of Birm-ing-ham jail.
Bes - sie I love you, good-ness I do.
Kiss me once more love, then I must go.

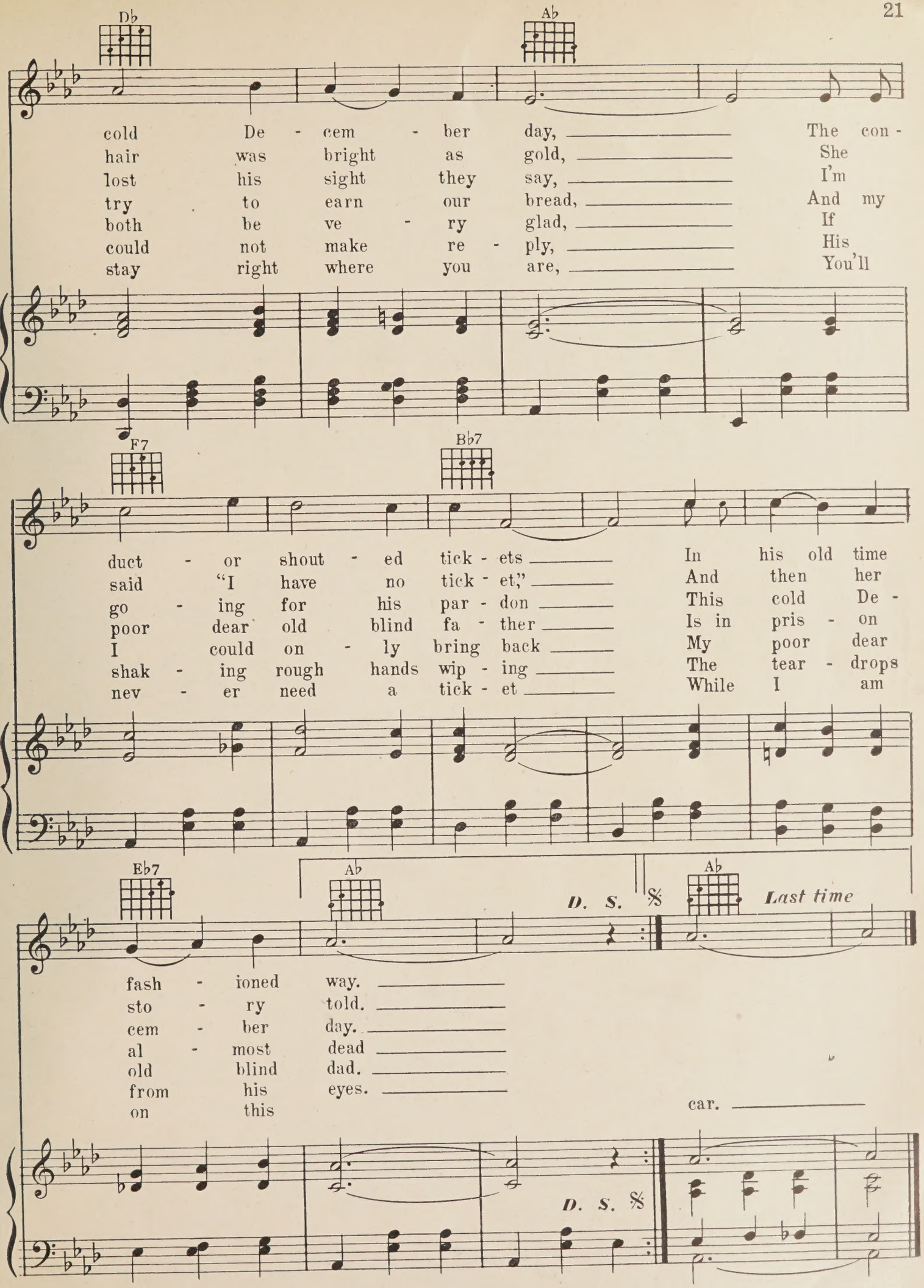
When the Work's All Done this Fall


C
D Min.
1. A group of jol - ly cow - boys dis - cuss - ing plans at ease, Says
2. Af - ter the round - up's o - ver, af - ter the ship - ping's done, I
3. That ver - y night this cow - boy, went out to stand his guard, The
G7
C
C7
one, I'll tell you something boys if you will lis - ten please, I am an old cow-puncher and
am go - ing right straight home boys, ere all my mon-eys gone I have changed my ways, boys, no
night was dark and cloud - y, and storming ver - y hard, The cat - tle herd got frightened, and
F
G7
C
here I'm dressed in rags, I used to be a tough one and go on great big jags, But
more will I fall, And I am go - ing home boys, When the works all done this fall, When
rushed in wild stampede, The cow - boy tried to turn them, rid - ing at full speed, While

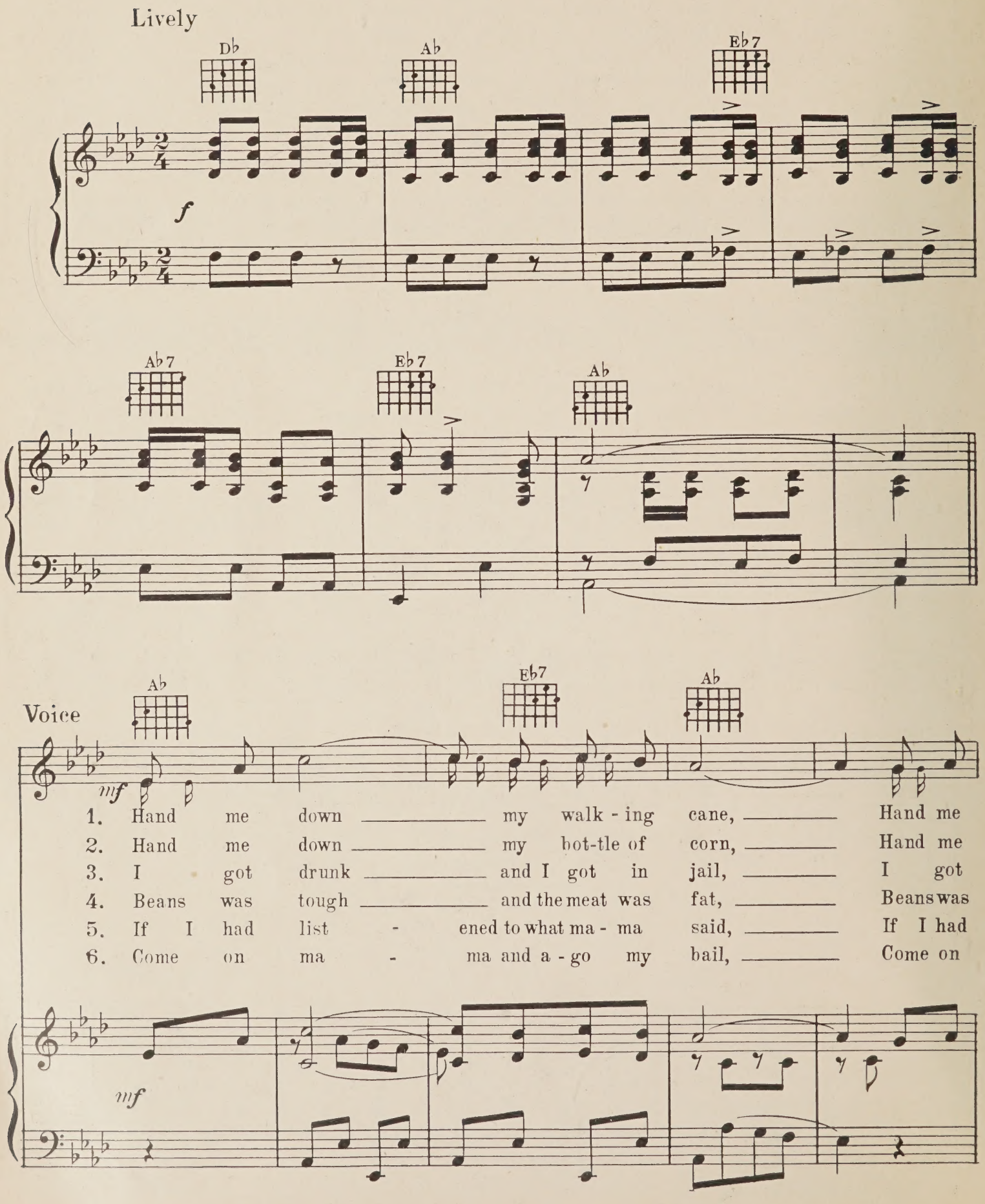

C7
F
G7
I have got a home boys, a good one you all know, Al-though I have n't seen it since
I left home boys, my moth-er for me cried, Begged me not to go boys for me
rid-ing in the dark-ness, so loud-ly did he shout, Try-ing hard to head them and turn
C
C7
D Min.
long, long a-go, I'm go-ing back to Dix-ie once more to see them all, I'm
she would of died, My moth-er's heart is break-ing, break-ing for me that's all, And
the herd a-bout His sad-dle horse did stum-ble and on him it did fall, Now
G7
C
goin' to see my moth-er, When the works all done this fall.
with God's help I'll see her, When the works all done this fall.
he won't see his moth-er, When the works all done this fall.

The East Bound Train

Tempo di Valse
F7
B♭7
mf
E♭7
A♭
𝄋
Till ready
A♭
E♭7
A♭
A♭7
Voice
1. The east - bound train was crowd - ed One
2. A lit - tle girl sat in sad - ness Her
3. My fa - ther he is in pris - on, He's
4. My moth - er's dai - ly sew - ing To
5. My broth - er and my sis - ter Would
6. The con - duc - tor could not ans - wer He
7. He said God bless you lit-tle one Just


Db
Ab
cold De - cem - ber day, The con -
hair was bright as gold, She
lost his sight they say, I'm
try to earn our bread, And my
both be ve - ry glad, If
could not make re - ply, His
stay right where you are, You'll
F7
Bb7
duct - or shout - ed tick - ets In his old time
said "I have no tick - et," And then her
go - ing for his par - don This cold De -
poor dear old blind fa - ther Is in pris - on
I could on - ly bring back My poor dear
shak - ing rough hands wip - ing The tear - drops
nev - er need a tick - et While I am
Eb7
Ab
D. S. 𝄋
Ab
Last time
fash - ioned way.
sto - ry told.
cem - ber day.
al - most dead
old blind dad.
from his eyes.
on this car.
D. S. 𝄋

Hand Me Down My Walking Cane


Lively
Db
Ab
Eb7
f
Ab7
Eb7
Ab
Voice
Ab
Eb7
Ab
mf
1. Hand me down my walk - ing cane, Hand me
2. Hand me down my bot-tle of corn, Hand me
3. I got drunk and I got in jail, I got
4. Beans was tough and the meat was fat, Beans was
5. If I had list - ened to what ma - ma said, If I had
6. Come on ma - ma and a - go my bail, Come on
mf

Eb7
Ab
Ab7
down my walk - ing cane, Oh,
down my bot-tle of corn, Oh,
drunk and I got in jail, Oh,
tough and the meat was fat, Oh,
list - ened to what ma - ma said Oh,
ma - ma and a - go my bail, Oh,

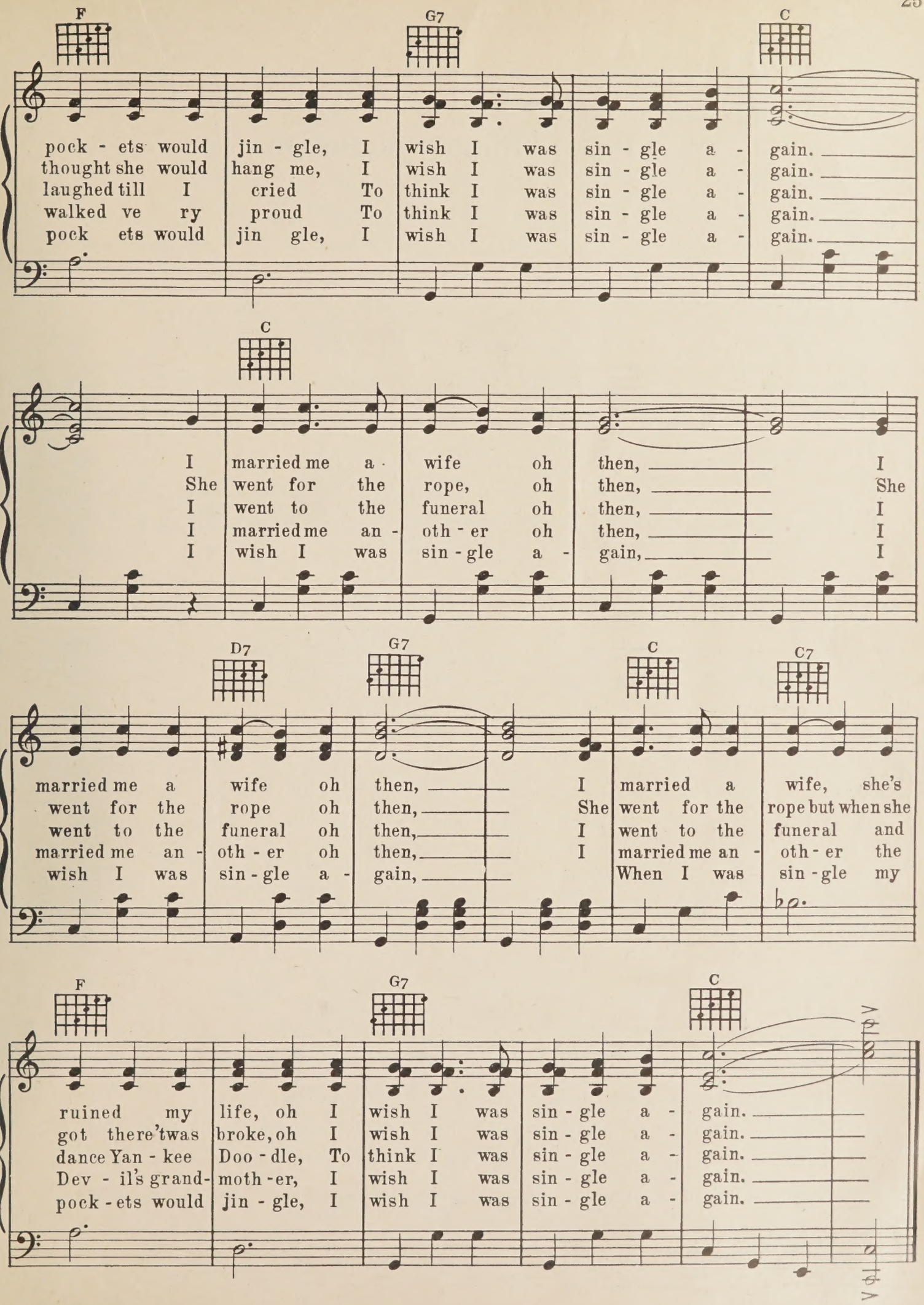
Db
Ab
Eb7
hand me down my walk-ing cane, I'm a - goin' to leave on that mid-night train, 'Cause
hand me down my bot-tle of corn, I'm a - goin' to get drunk as sure as you're born, 'Cause
I got drunk and I got in jail, And I had no wife to go my bail, And
beans was tough and the meat was fat, And oh, my Lord I couldn't eat that, So
if I had listen'd to what ma - ma said, I'd've been sleeping on a feath-er bed, 'Cause
come on ma-ma and go my bail, And get me out of this bug-gy jail, 'Cause

Ab
Eb7
Ab
all of my sins are ta - ken a - way.

I Wish I Was Single Again

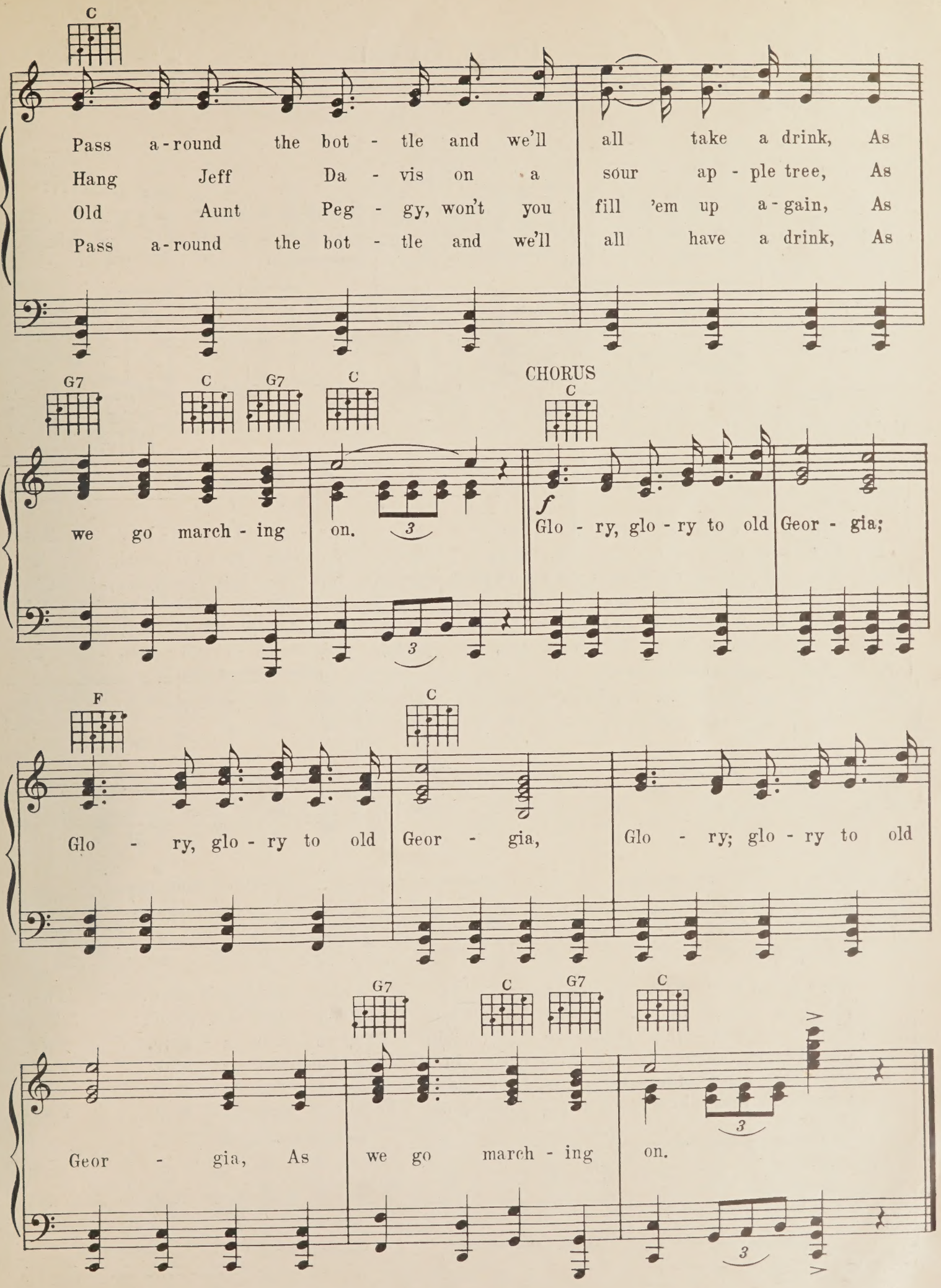
Tempo di Valse

C
C7
F
G7
C
f
1. I wish I was sin - gle a - gain, I wish I was
2. She binged me, she banged me, oh then, She binged me, she
3. My wife she died, oh then, My wife she
4. I went'fore the crow'd oh then, I went'fore the
5. I wish I was sin - gle a - gain, I wish I was
D7
G7
C
C7
sin - gle a - gain, When I was sin - gle my
banged me, oh then, She binged me, she banged me, she
died, oh then, My wife she died and I
crow'd oh then, I went 'fore the crowd and I
sin - gle a - gain, When I was sin - gle my


F
G7
C
pock - ets would jin - gle, I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.
thought she would hang me, I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.
laughed till I cried To think I was sin - gle a - gain.
walked ve ry proud To think I was sin - gle a - gain.
pock ets would jin gle, I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.
C
I married me a wife oh then, I
She went for the rope, oh then, She
I went to the funeral oh then, I
I married me an - oth - er oh then, I
I wish I was sin - gle a - gain, I
D7
G7
C
C7
married me a wife oh then, I married a wife, she's
went for the rope oh then, She went for the rope but when she
went to the funeral oh then, I went to the funeral and
married me an - oth - er oh then, I married me an - oth - er the
wish I was sin - gle a - gain, When I was sin - gle my
F
G7
C
ruined my life, oh I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.
got there 'twas broke, oh I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.
dance Yan - kee Doo - dle, To think I was sin - gle a - gain.
Dev - il's grand- moth - er, I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.
pock - ets would jin - gle, I wish I was sin - gle a - gain.

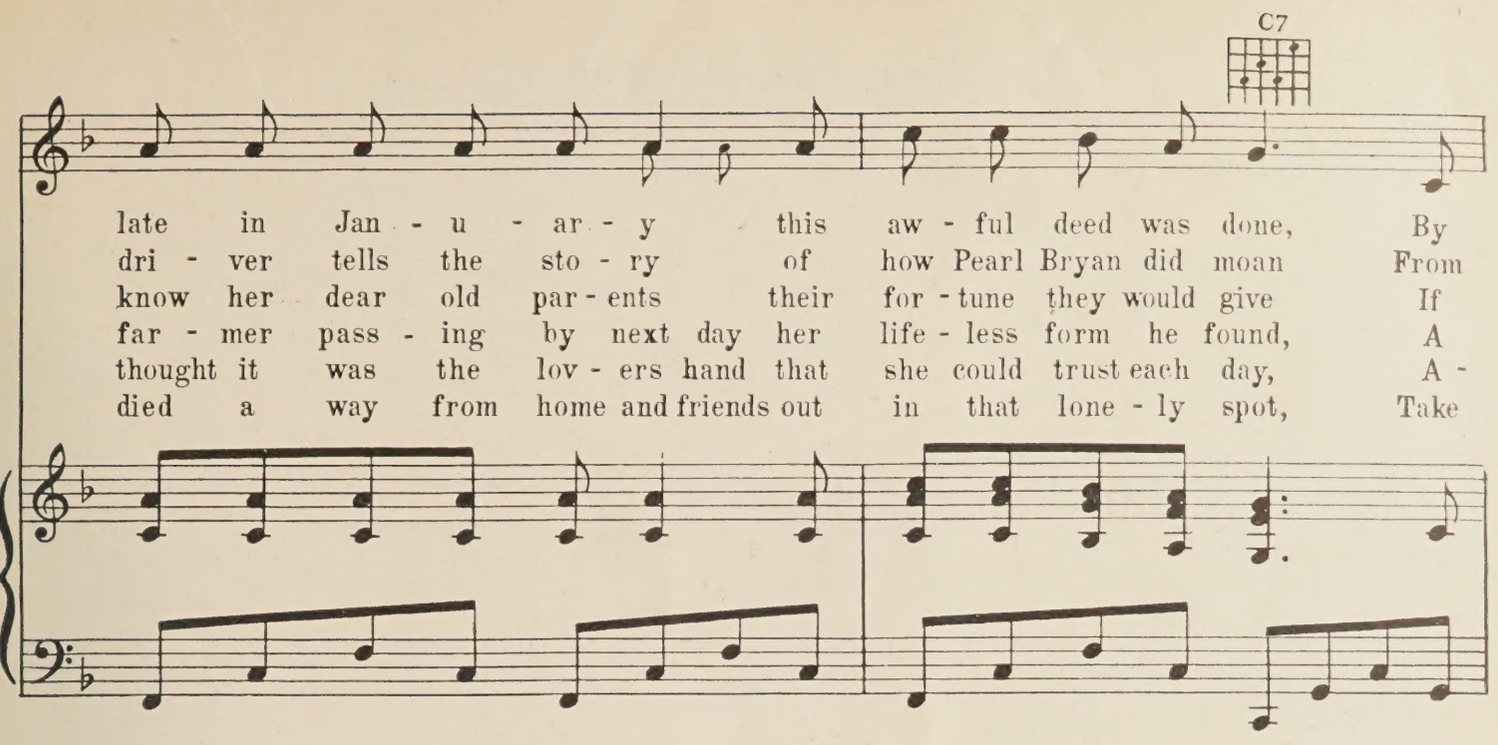
Pass Around the Bottle

Tempo di Marcia
C
G7
C
G7
C
f
3
3
C
1. Pass a - round the bot - tle and we'll all take a drink;
2. Hang Jeff Da - vis on a sour ap - ple tree;
3. Old Aunt Peg - gy, won't you fill 'em up a - gain?
4. Pass a - round the bot - tle and we'll all have a drink,
F
C
Pass a - round the bot - tle and we'll all take a drink;
Hang Jeff Da - vis on a sour ap - ple tree;
Old Aunt Peg - gy, won't you fill 'em up a - gain?
Pass a - round the bot - tle and we'll all have a drink,


C
Pass a-round the bot - tle and we'll all take a drink, As
Hang Jeff Da - vis on a sour ap - ple tree, As
Old Aunt Peg - gy, won't you fill 'em up a-gain, As
Pass a-round the bot - tle and we'll all have a drink, As
G7 C G7 C
we go march - ing on.
CHORUS
C
f
Glo - ry, glo - ry to old Geor - gia;
F C
Glo - ry, glo - ry to old Geor - gia,
Glo - ry; glo - ry to old
G7 C G7 C
Geor - gia, As we go march - ing on.

Pearl Bryan

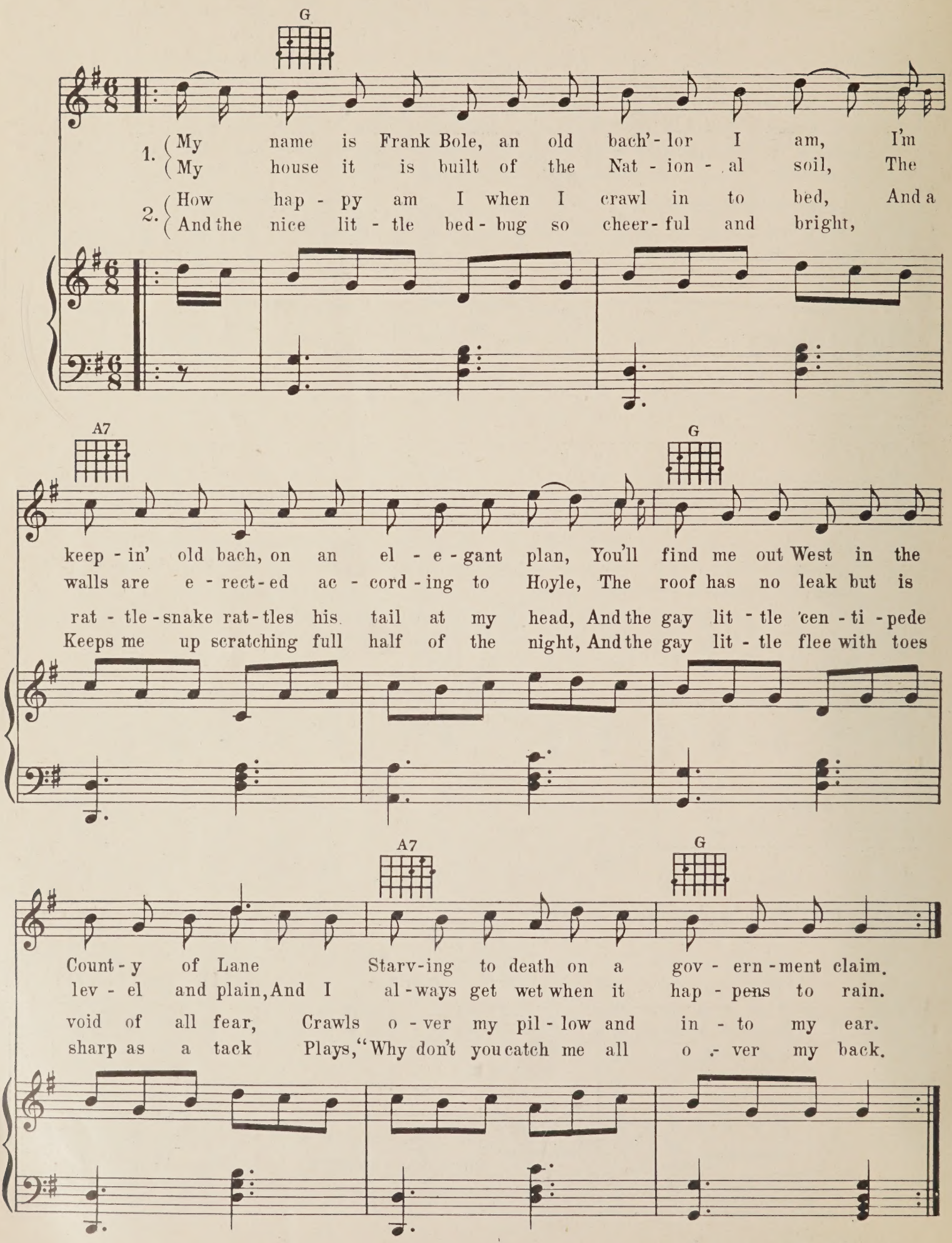
Slowly
F
C7
F
mp
Voice
F
C7
p
1. Now la - dies if you lis - ten a sto - ry I'll re - late That
2. How bold these cru - el vil - lians to do this aw - ful deed, To
3. But lit - tle did Pearl's par - ents think when she left a hap - py home, That
4. The dri - ver was the on - ly one could tell her aw - ful fate, Of
5. Pearl Bry - an left her par - ents on a dark and gloom-y day, She
6. Young la - dies now take warn - ing, young men are so un - just, It
p
F
hap - pened near Fort Thom - as in old Ken - tuck - y state. 'Twas
ride a - way Pearl Bry - an when she to them did plead. The
their own darl - ing daugh-ter would ne'er re - turn a - gain. We
poor Pearl far a - way from home in old Ken - tuck - y state. A
went to meet the vil - lian in a spot not far a - way. She
may be your best lov - er, but you know not whom to trust. Pearl

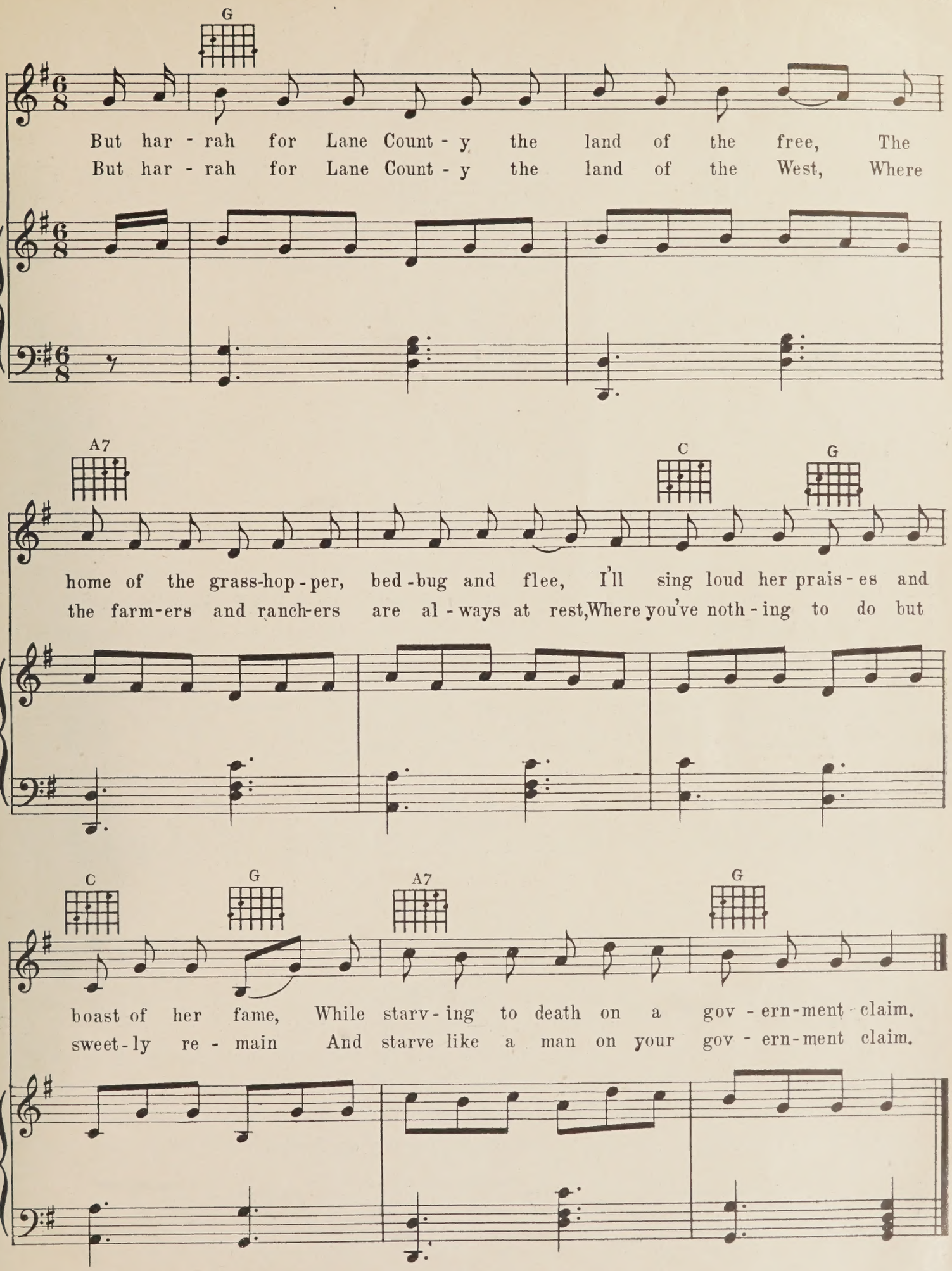

C7
late in Jan - u - ar - y this aw - ful deed was done, By
dri - ver tells the sto - ry of how Pearl Bryan did moan From
know her dear old par - ents their for - tune they would give If
far - mer pass - ing by next day her life - less form he found, A
thought it was the lov - ers hand that she could trust each day, A -
died a way from home and friends out in that lone - ly spot, Take

F
Jack - son and by Wal - ling how cold their blood did run.
Cin - cin - na - ti to the place where the cru el deed was done.
Pearl could just re - turn home a hap - py life to live.
ly - ing on the cold spot where her blood had stained the spot.
las! it was a lov - er's hand that took her life a - way.
heed, take heed, be - lieve this girls, don't let this be your lot.

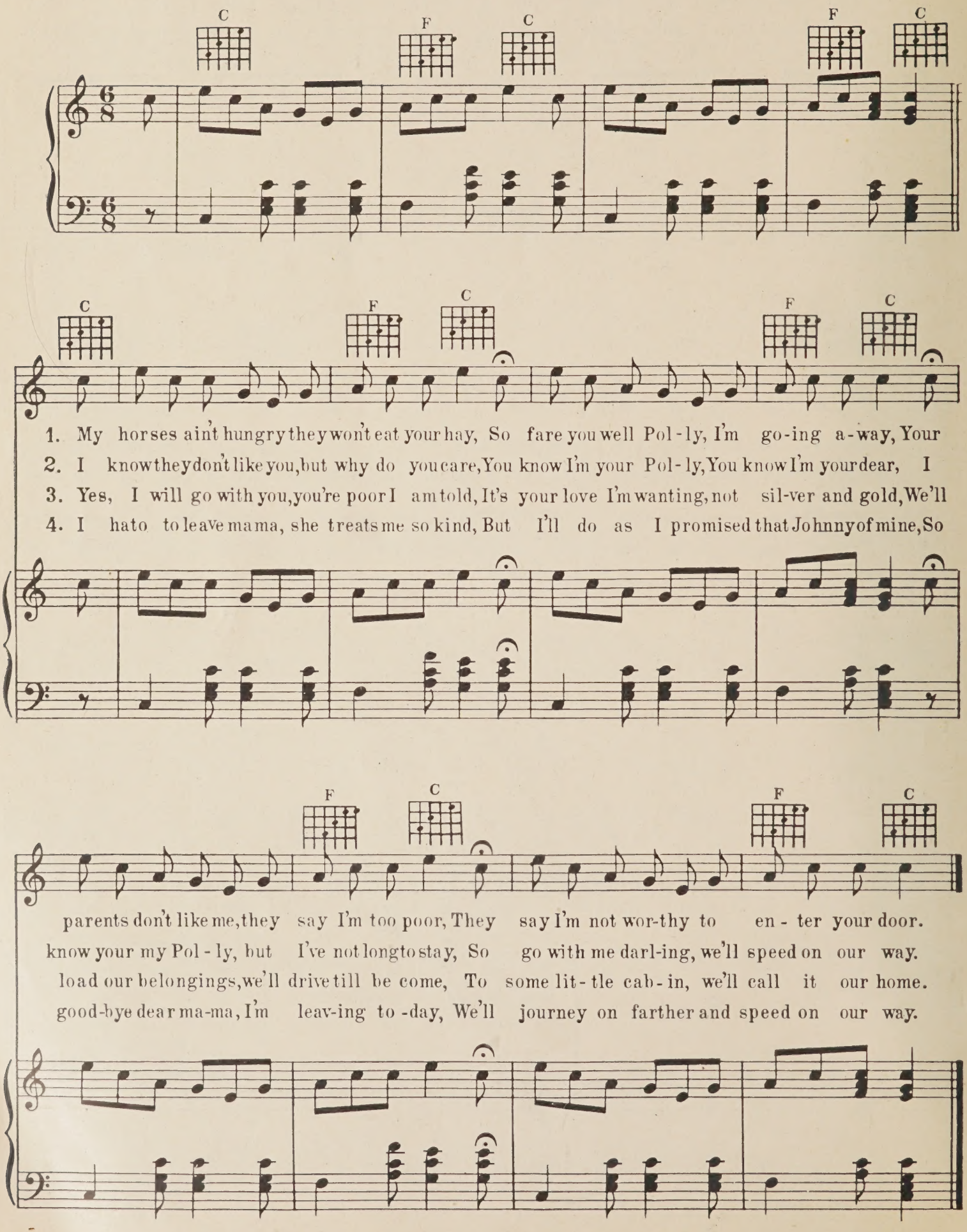
Interlude to be played after 3d Verse

The Lane County Bachelor

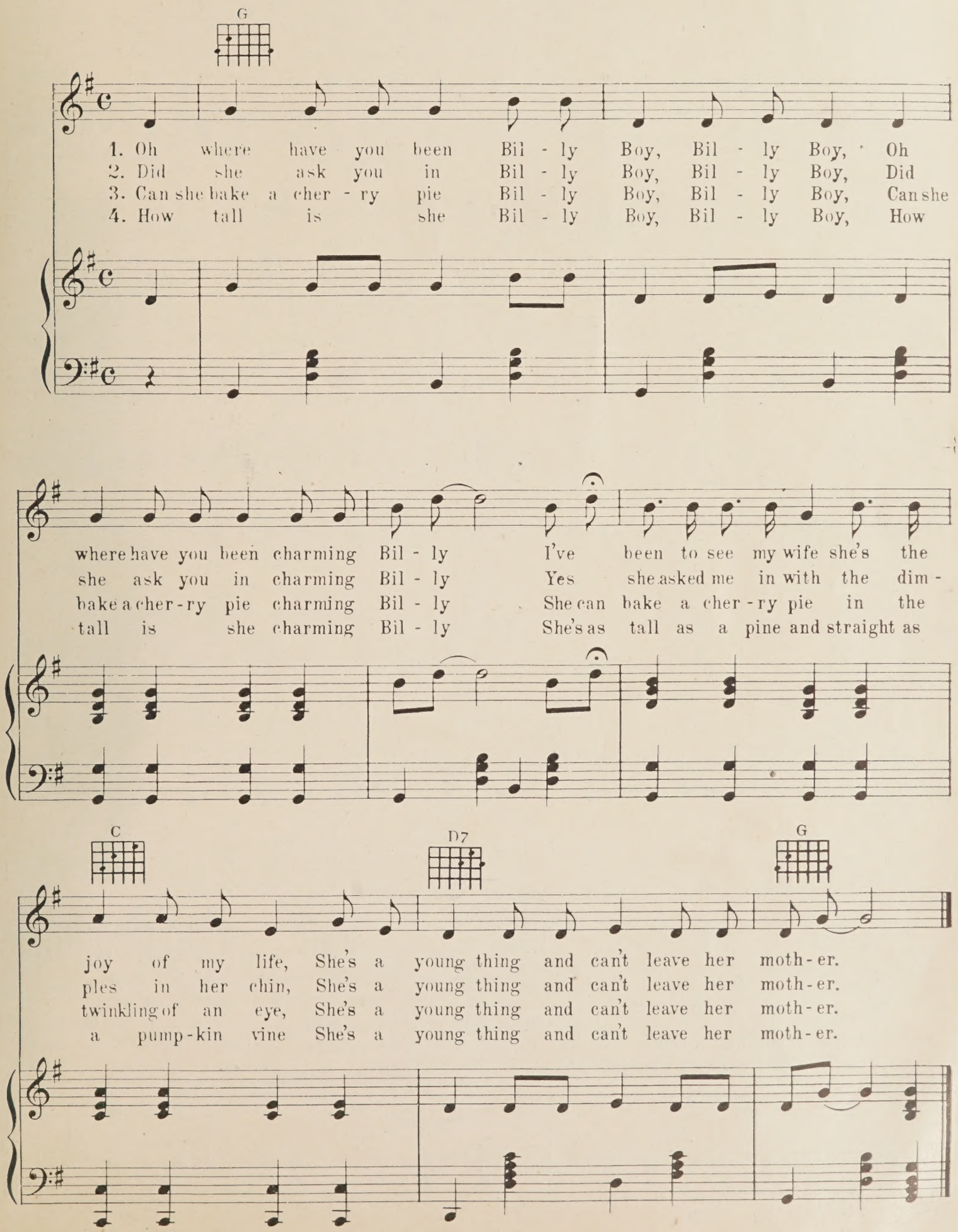

G
1. My name is Frank Bole, an old bach'-lor I am, I'm
My house it is built of the Nat - ion - al soil, The
2. How hap - py am I when I crawl in to bed, And a
And the nice lit - tle bed - bug so cheer - ful and bright,
A7
G
keep - in' old bach, on an el - e - gant plan, You'll find me out West in the
walls are e - rect - ed ac - cord - ing to Hoyle, The roof has no leak but is
rat - tle - snake rat - tles his tail at my head, And the gay lit - tle cen - ti - pede
Keeps me up scratching full half of the night, And the gay lit - tle flee with toes
A7
G
Count - y of Lane Starv - ing to death on a gov - ern - ment claim.
lev - el and plain, And I al - ways get wet when it hap - pens to rain.
void of all fear, Crawls o - ver my pil - low and in - to my ear.
sharp as a tack Plays, "Why don't you catch me all o - ver my back.


G
But har - rah for Lane Count - y the land of the free, The
But har - rah for Lane Count - y the land of the West, Where
A7
C
G
home of the grass-hop - per, bed - bug and flee, I'll sing loud her prais - es and
the farm-ers and ranch-ers are al - ways at rest,Where you've noth - ing to do but
C
G
A7
G
boast of her fame, While starv - ing to death on a gov - ern-ment claim.
sweet - ly re - main And starve like a man on your gov - ern-ment claim.

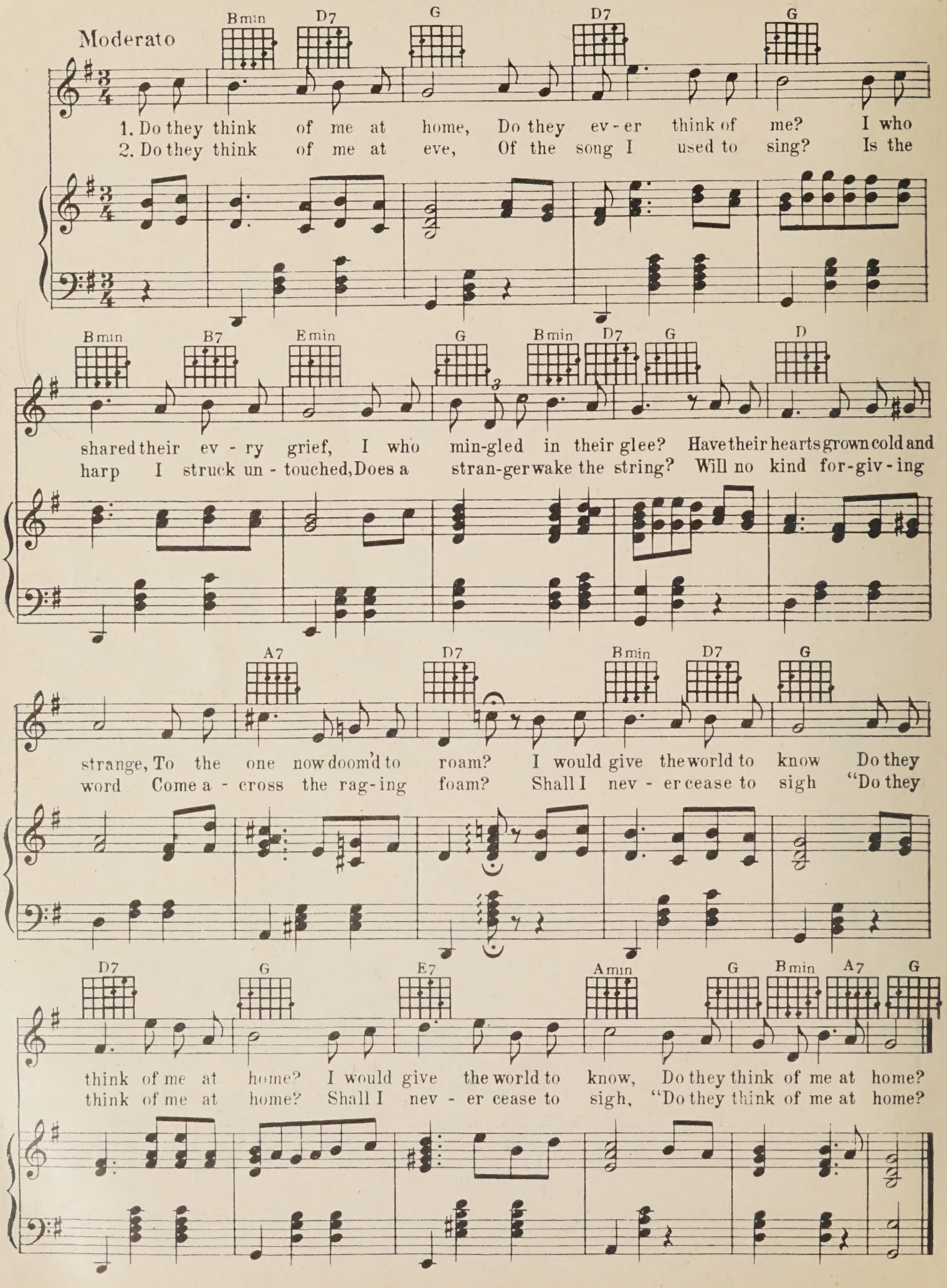
My Horses Ain't Hungry


C F C F C
C F C F C
1. My horses ain't hungry they won't eat your hay, So fare you well Pol-ly, I'm go-ing a-way, Your
2. I know they don't like you, but why do you care, You know I'm your Pol-ly, You know I'm your dear, I
3. Yes, I will go with you, you're poor I am told, It's your love I'm wanting, not sil-ver and gold, We'll
4. I hato to leave mama, she treats me so kind, But I'll do as I promised that Johnny of mine, So
F C F C
parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor, They say I'm not wor-thy to en-ter your door.
know your my Pol-ly, but I've not long to stay, So go with me darl-ing, we'll speed on our way.
load our belongings, we'll drive till be come, To some lit-tle cab-in, we'll call it our home.
good-bye dear ma-ma, I'm leav-ing to-day, We'll journey on farther and speed on our way.

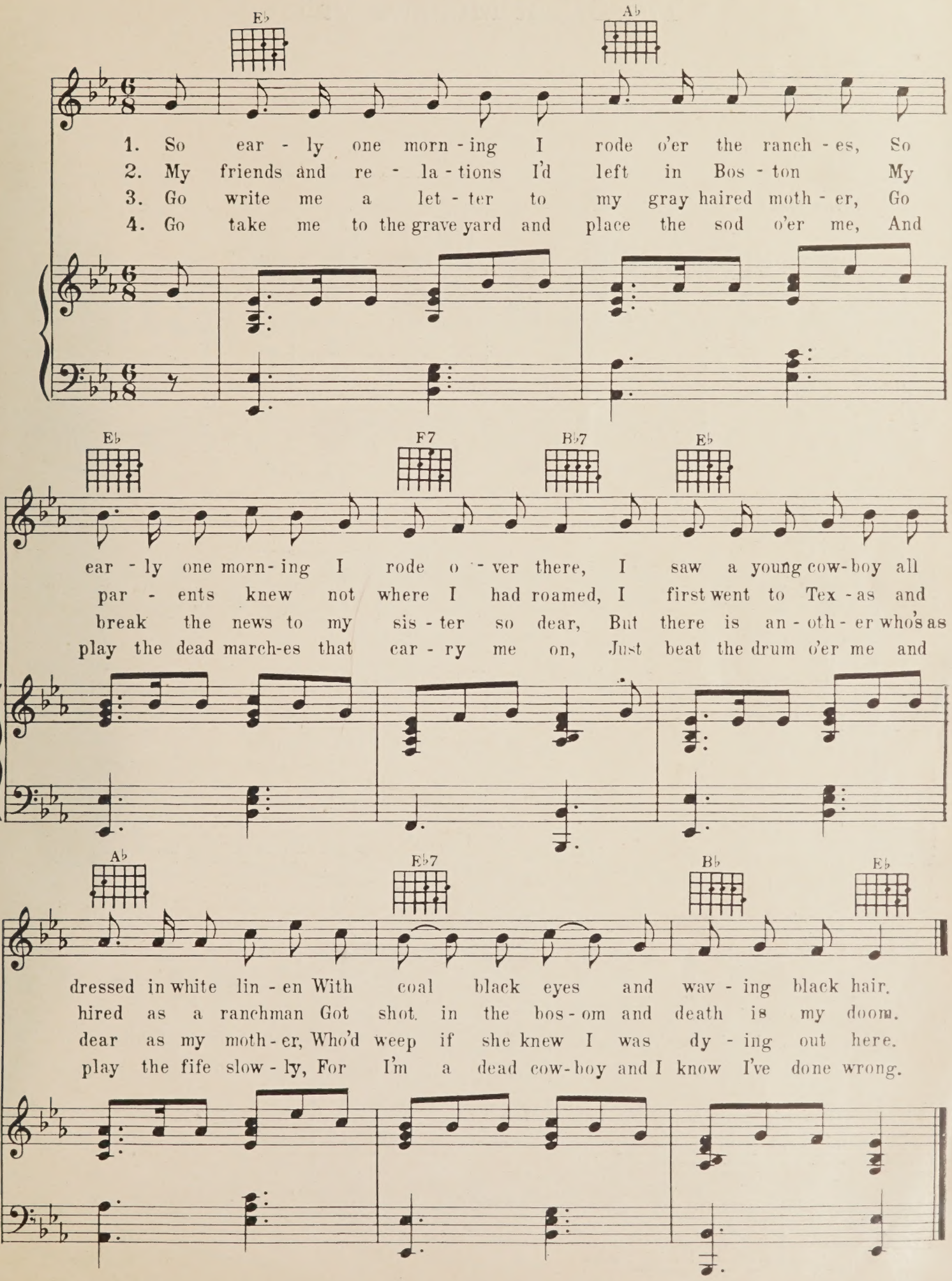
Billy Boy


G
1. Oh where have you been Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Oh
2. Did she ask you in Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Did
3. Can she bake a cher - ry pie Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, Can she
4. How tall is she Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy, How
where have you been charming Bil - ly I've been to see my wife she's the
she ask you in charming Bil - ly Yes she asked me in with the dim -
bake a cher-ry pie charming Bil - ly She can bake a cher - ry pie in the
tall is she charming Bil - ly She's as tall as a pine and straight as
C
D7
G
joy of my life, She's a young thing and can't leave her moth - er.
ples in her chin, She's a young thing and can't leave her moth - er.
twinkling of an eye, She's a young thing and can't leave her moth - er.
a pump-kin vine She's a young thing and can't leave her moth - er.

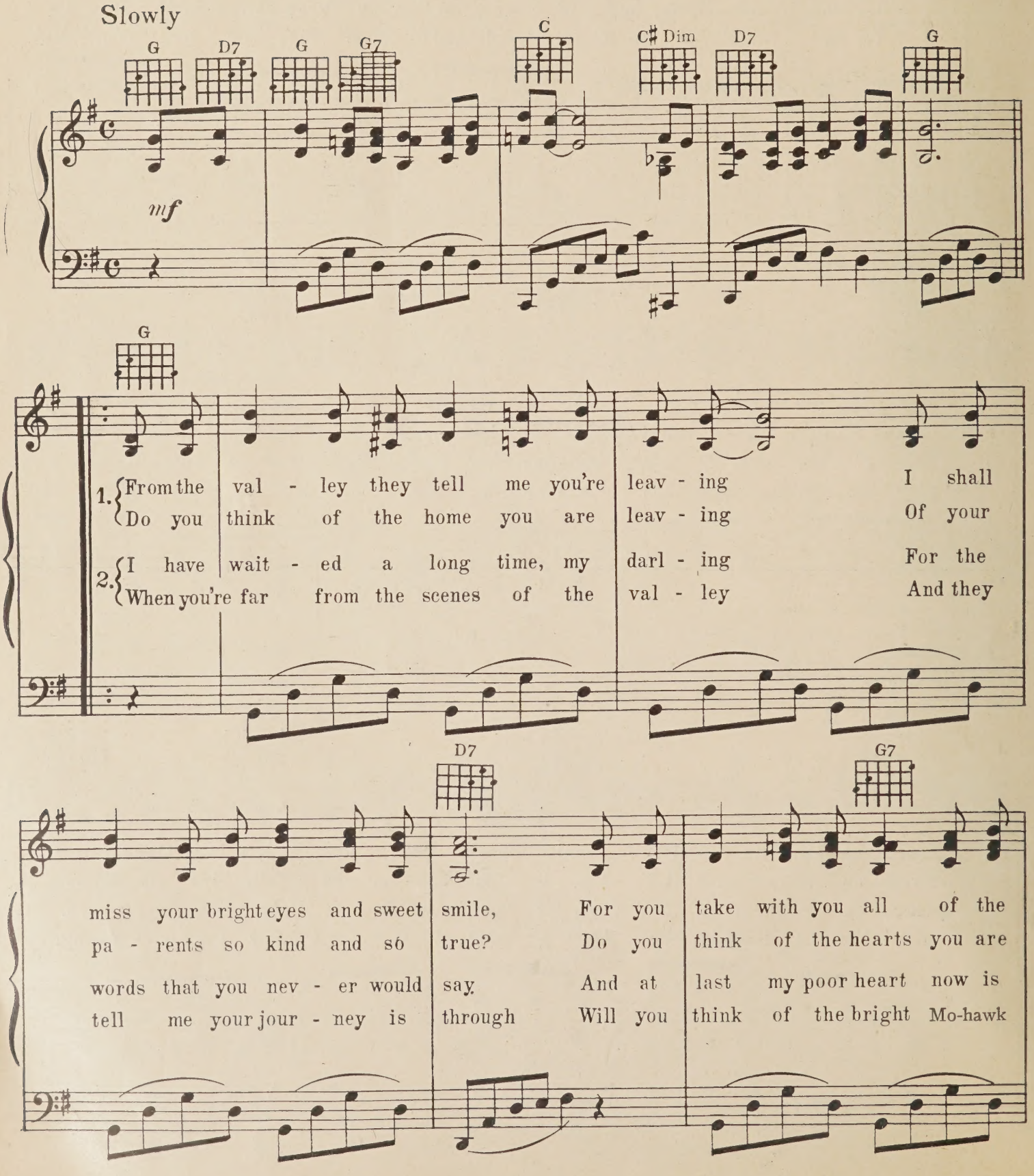
Do They Think of Me at Home?

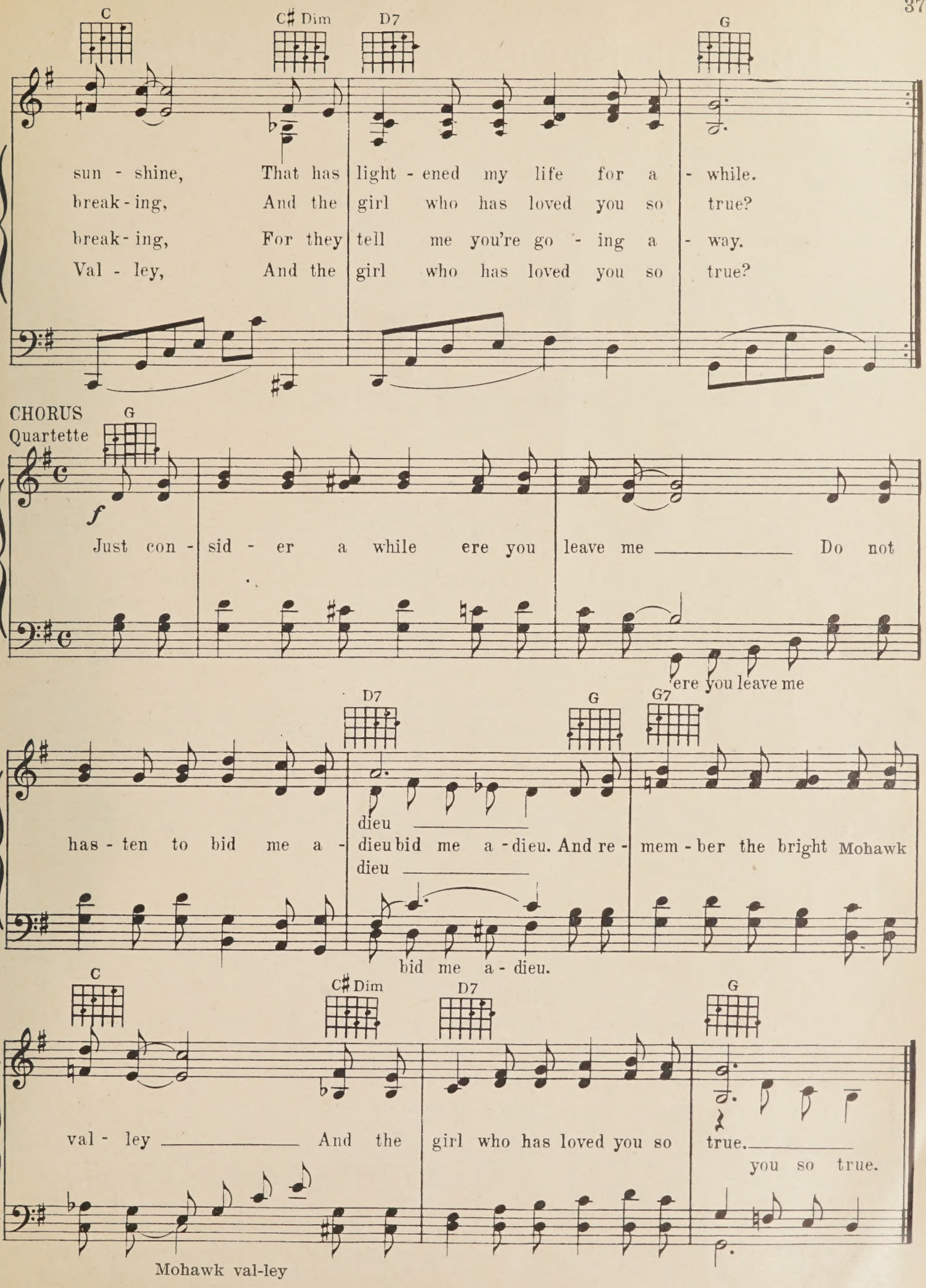

Moderato
Bmin D7 G D7 G
1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev-er think of me? I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the song I used to sing? Is the
Bmin B7 Emin G Bmin D7 G D
shared their ev-ry grief, I who min-gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
harp I struck un-touched, Does a stran-ger wake the string? Will no kind for-giv-ing
A7 D7 Bmin D7 G
strange, To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to know Do they
word Come a-cross the rag-ing foam? Shall I nev-er cease to sigh "Do they
D7 G E7 Amin G Bmin A7 G
think of me at home? I would give the world to know, Do they think of me at home?
think of me at home? Shall I nev-er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?

The Dying Cowboy

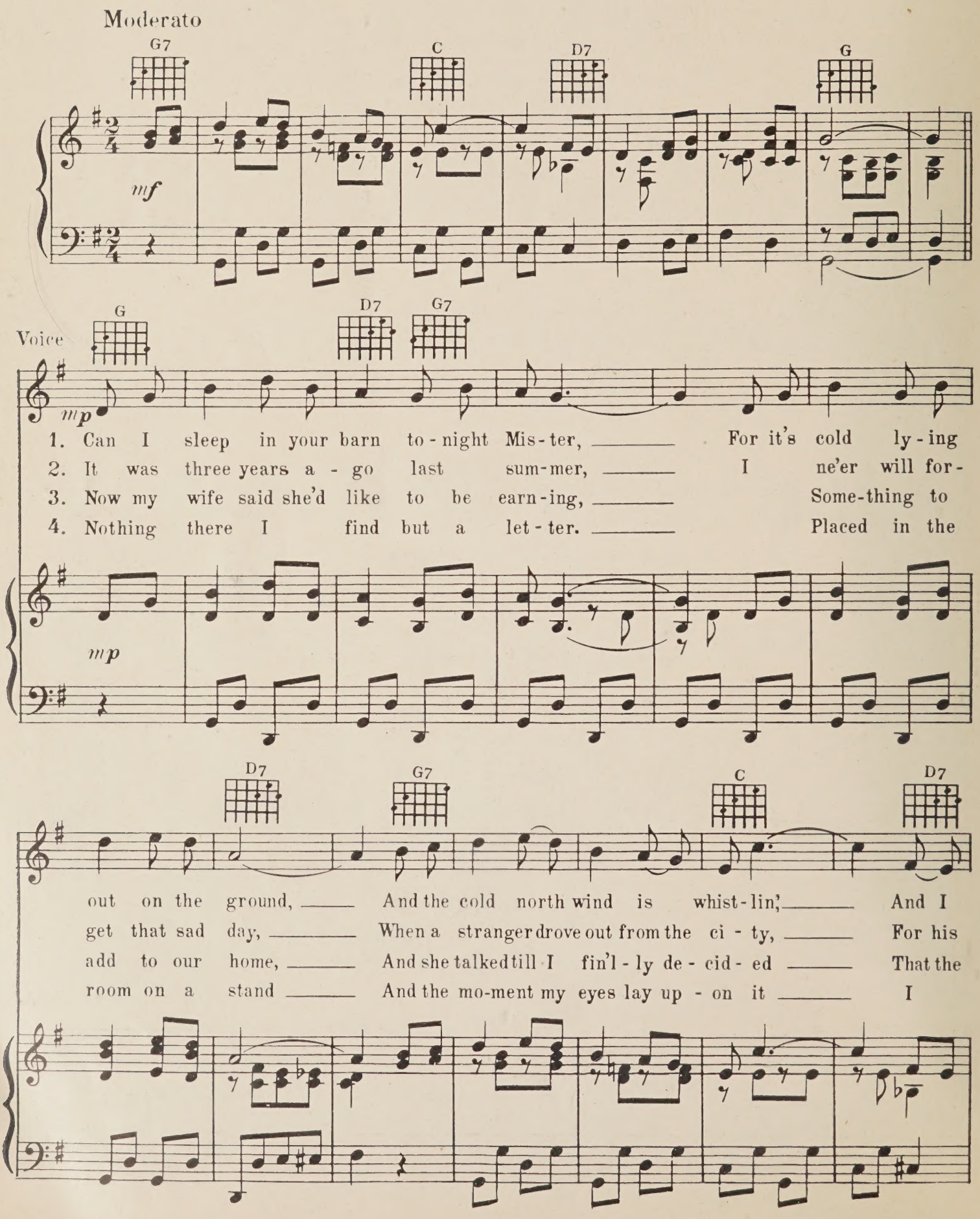

E♭
A♭
1. So ear - ly one morn - ing I rode o'er the ranch - es, So
2. My friends and re - la - tions I'd left in Bos - ton My
3. Go write me a let - ter to my gray haired moth - er, Go
4. Go take me to the grave yard and place the sod o'er me, And
E♭
F7
B♭7
E♭
ear - ly one morn - ing I rode o - ver there, I saw a young cow - boy all
par - ents knew not where I had roamed, I first went to Tex - as and
break the news to my sis - ter so dear, But there is an - oth - er who's as
play the dead march-es that car - ry me on, Just beat the drum o'er me and
A♭
E♭7
B♭
E♭
dressed in white lin - en With coal black eyes and wav - ing black hair.
hired as a ranchman Got shot in the bos - om and death is my doom.
dear as my moth - er, Who'd weep if she knew I was dy - ing out here.
play the fife slow - ly, For I'm a dead cow - boy and I know I've done wrong.

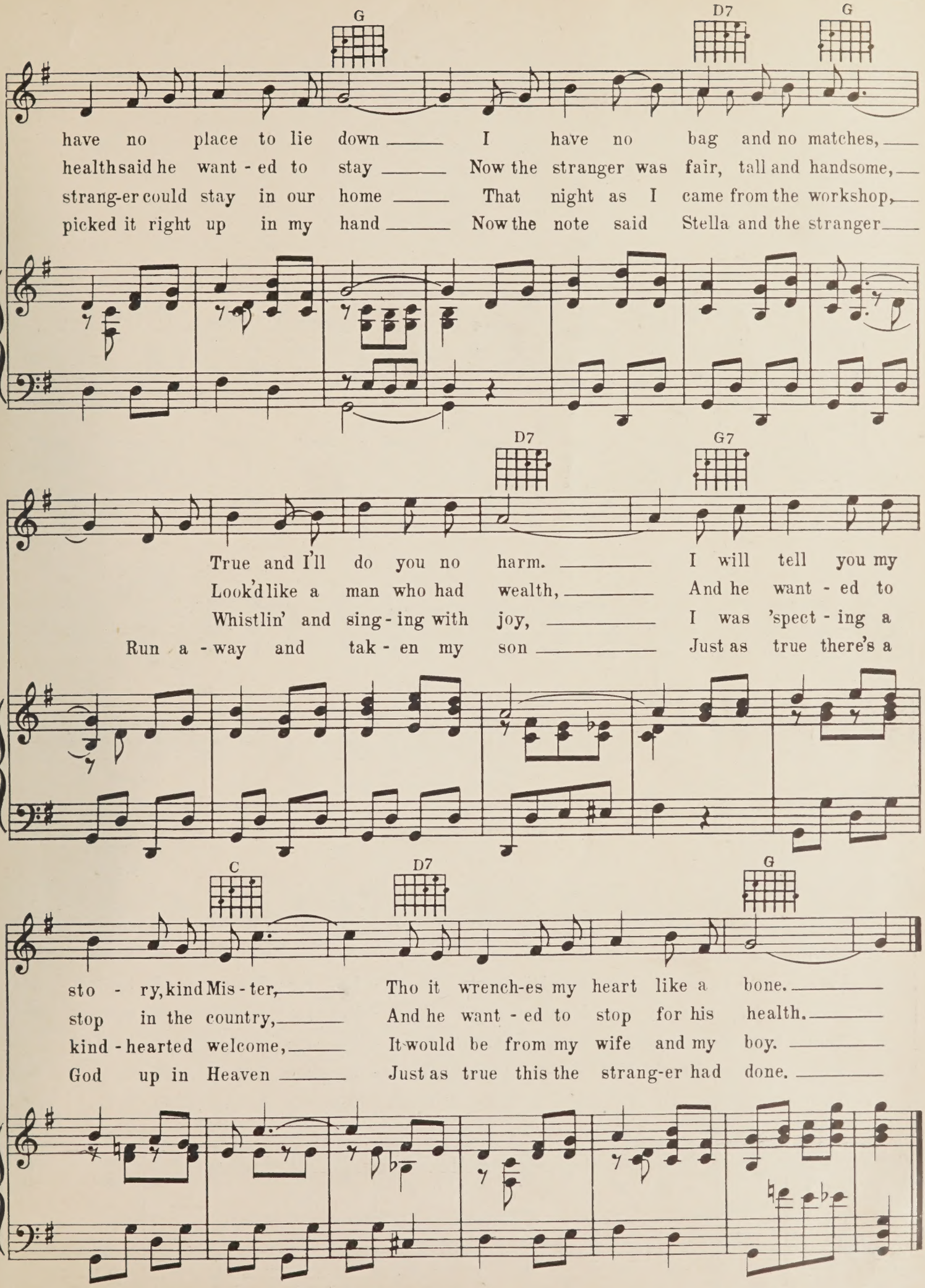
The Bright Mohawk Valley


Slowly
G
D7
G
G7
C
C♯ Dim
D7
G
mf
G
1. From the val - ley they tell me you're leav - ing I shall
Do you think of the home you are leav - ing Of your
2. I have wait - ed a long time, my darl - ing For the
When you're far from the scenes of the val - ley And they
D7
G7
miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, For you take with you all of the
pa - rents so kind and so true? Do you think of the hearts you are
words that you nev - er would say And at last my poor heart now is
tell me your jour - ney is through Will you think of the bright Mo-hawk

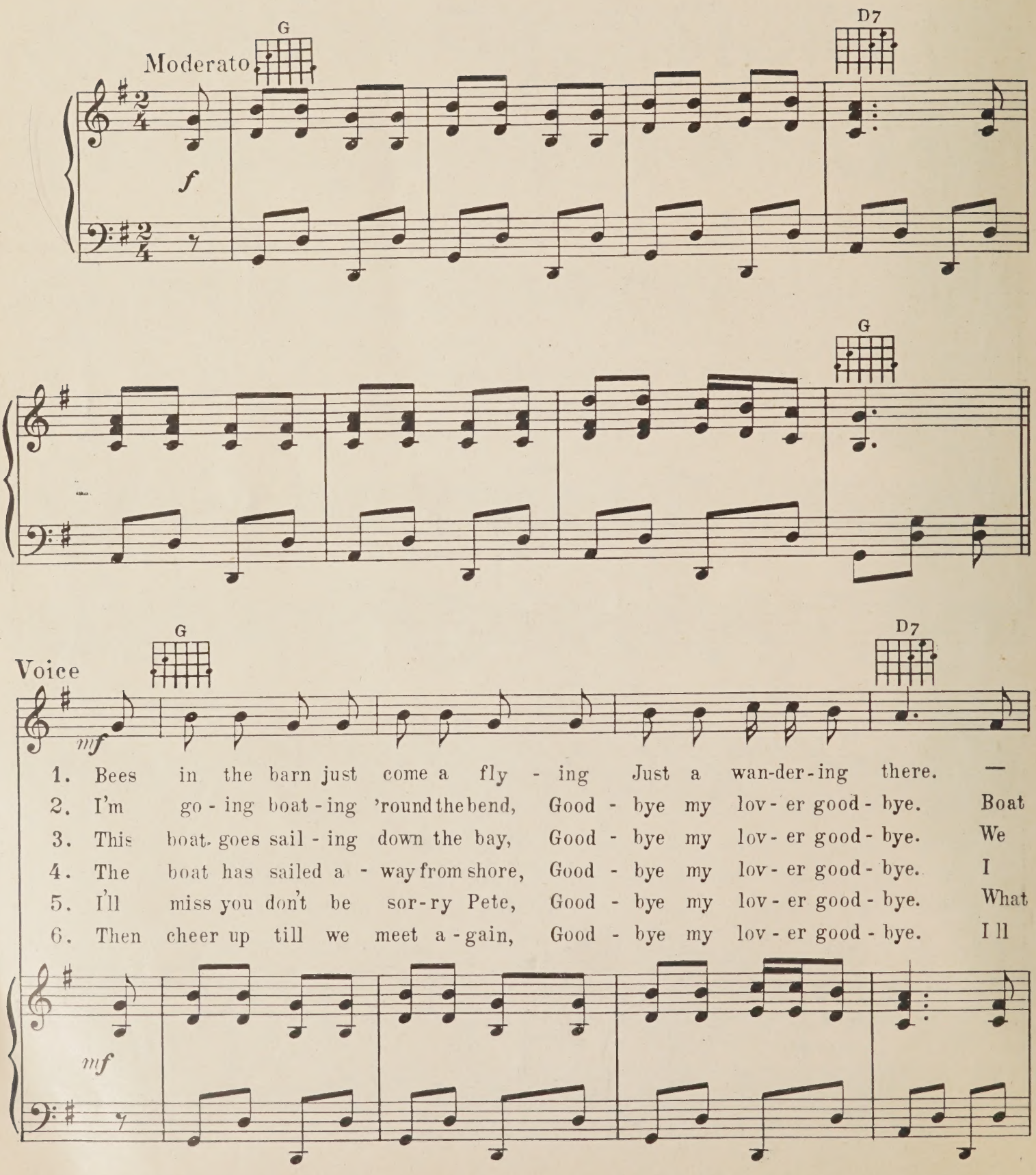

C
C♯ Dim
D7
G
sun - shine, That has light - ened my life for a - while.
break - ing, And the girl who has loved you so true?
break - ing, For they tell me you're go - ing a - way.
Val - ley, And the girl who has loved you so true?
CHORUS
Quartette
G
f
Just con - sid - er a while ere you leave me Do not
'ere you leave me
D7
G
G7
has - ten to bid me a - dieu dieu bid me a - dieu. And re - mem - ber the bright Mohawk
dieu
bid me a - dieu.
C
C♯ Dim
D7
G
val - ley And the girl who has loved you so true.
you so true.
Mohawk val-ley

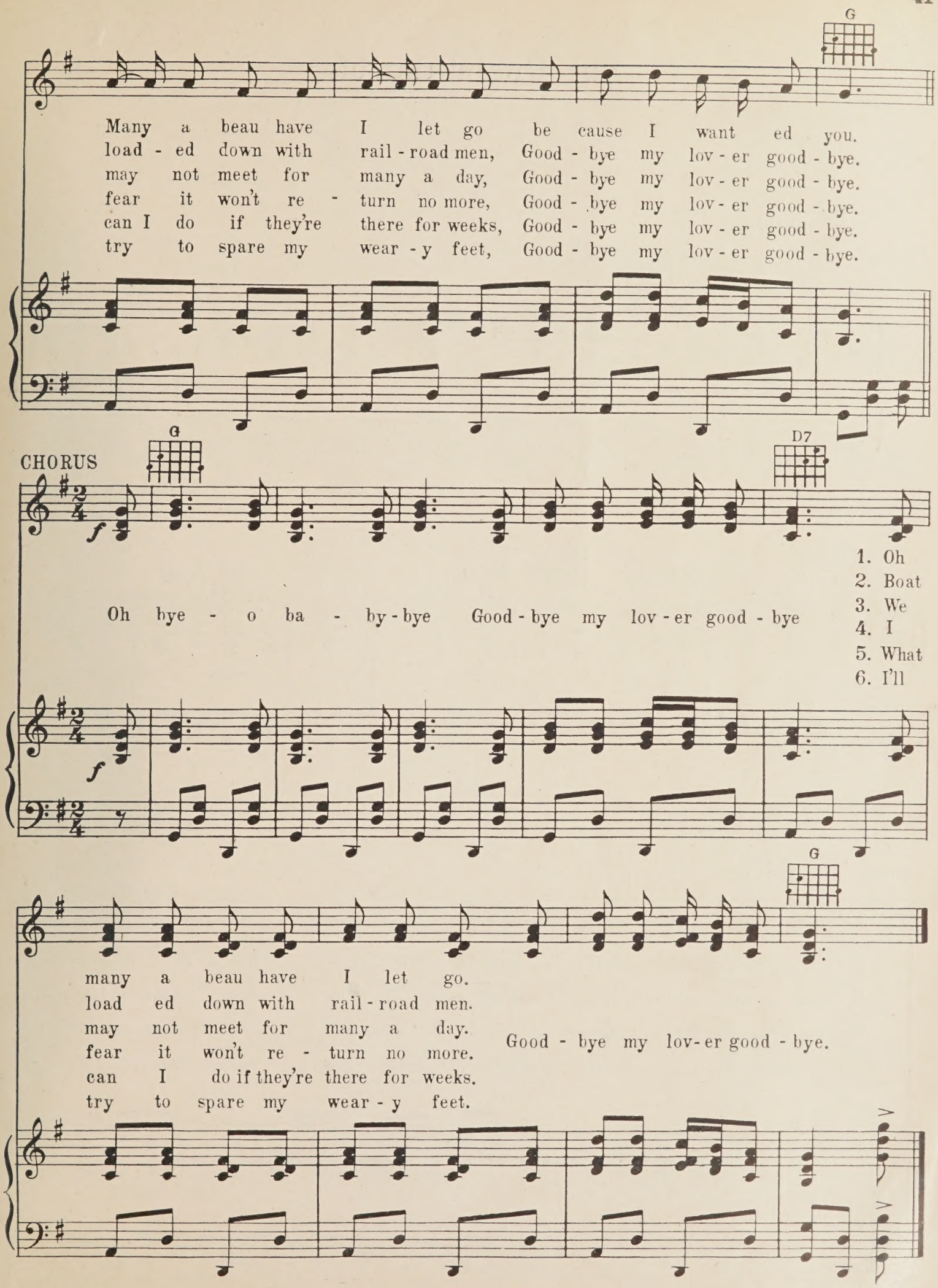
Can *I* Sleep in Your Barn Tonight, Mister?


Moderato
G7
C
D7
G
mf
G
D7
G7
Voice
mp
1. Can I sleep in your barn to-night Mis-ter, For it's cold ly-ing
2. It was three years a-go last sum-mer, I ne'er will for-
3. Now my wife said she'd like to be earn-ing, Some-thing to
4. Nothing there I find but a let-ter. Placed in the
mp
D7
G7
C
D7
out on the ground, And the cold north wind is whist-lin', And I
get that sad day, When a stranger drove out from the ci-ty, For his
add to our home, And she talked till I fin'l-ly de-cid-ed That the
room on a stand And the mo-ment my eyes lay up-on it I

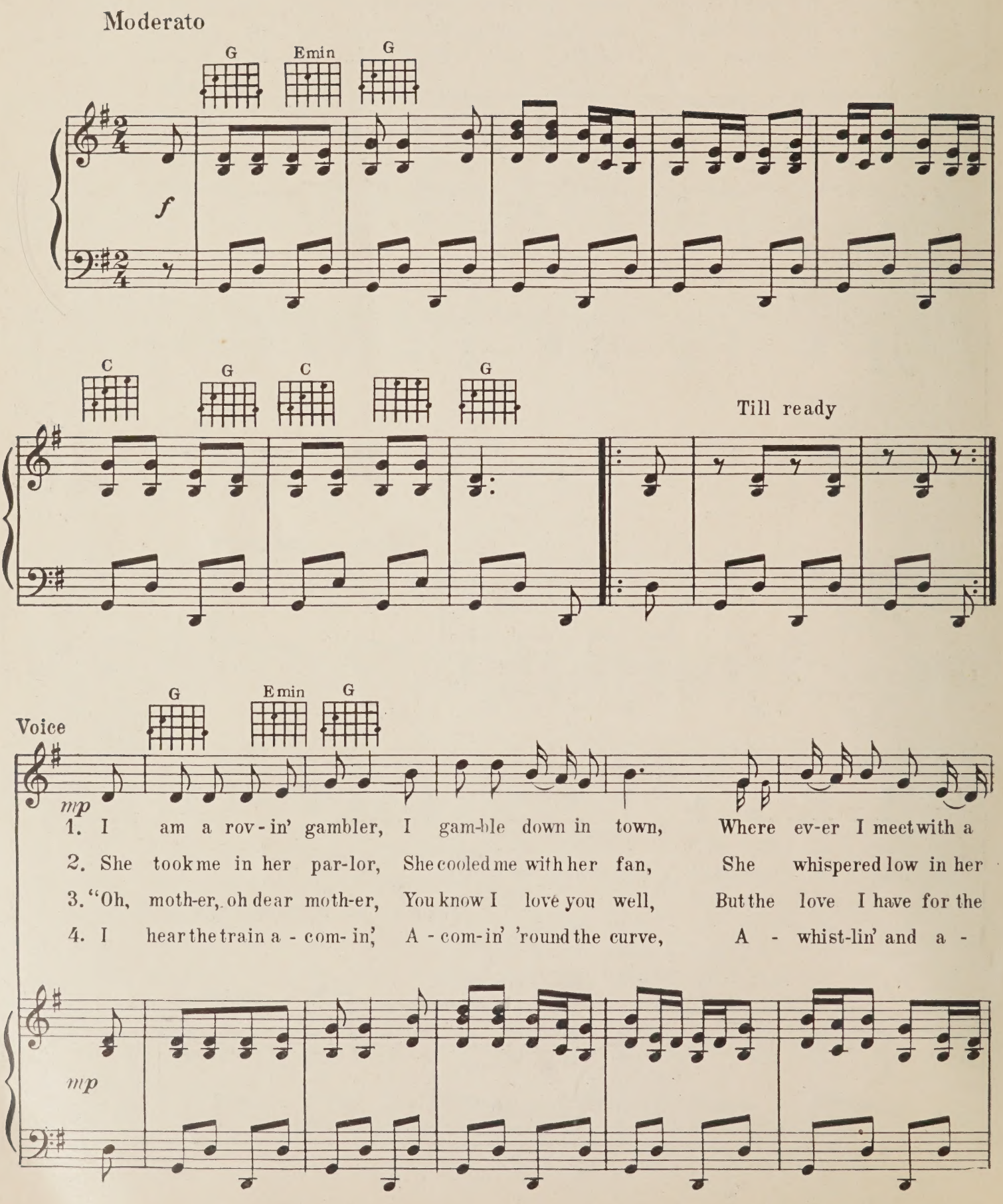

G
D7
G
have no place to lie down I have no bag and no matches,
health said he want - ed to stay Now the stranger was fair, tall and handsome,
strang-er could stay in our home That night as I came from the workshop,
picked it right up in my hand Now the note said Stella and the stranger
D7
G7
True and I'll do you no harm. I will tell you my
Look'd like a man who had wealth, And he want - ed to
Whistlin' and sing - ing with joy, I was 'spect - ing a
Run a - way and tak - en my son Just as true there's a
C
D7
G
sto - ry, kind Mis - ter, Tho it wrench-es my heart like a bone.
stop in the country, And he want - ed to stop for his health.
kind - hearted welcome, It would be from my wife and my boy.
God up in Heaven Just as true this the strang-er had done.

Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye


G
D7
Moderato
f
G
Voice
mf
D7
1. Bees in the barn just come a fly - ing Just a wan-der-ing there. —
2. I'm go - ing boat - ing 'round the bend, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye. Boat
3. This boat goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye. We
4. The boat has sailed a - way from shore, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye. I
5. I'll miss you don't be sor - ry Pete, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye. What
6. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye. I ll
mf

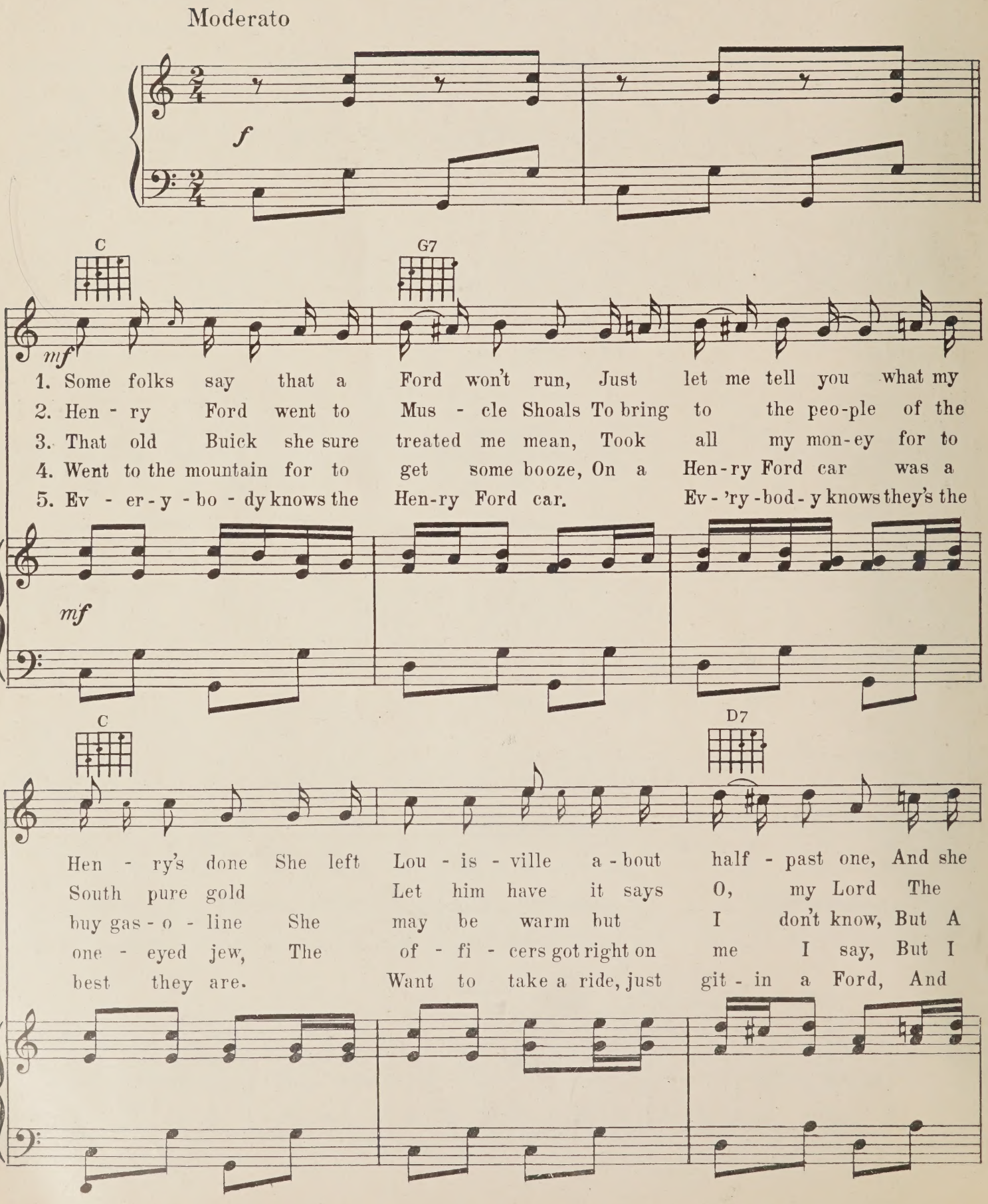

G
Many a beau have I let go be cause I want ed you.
load - ed down with rail - road men, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye.
may not meet for many a day, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye.
fear it won't re - turn no more, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye.
can I do if they're there for weeks, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye.
try to spare my wear - y feet, Good - bye my lov - er good - bye.
CHORUS
G
D7
f
Oh bye - o ba - by - bye Good - bye my lov - er good - bye
1. Oh
2. Boat
3. We
4. I
5. What
6. I'll
f
G
many a beau have I let go.
load ed down with rail - road men.
may not meet for many a day.
fear it won't re - turn no more.
can I do if they're there for weeks.
try to spare my wear - y feet.
Good - bye my lov - er good - bye.

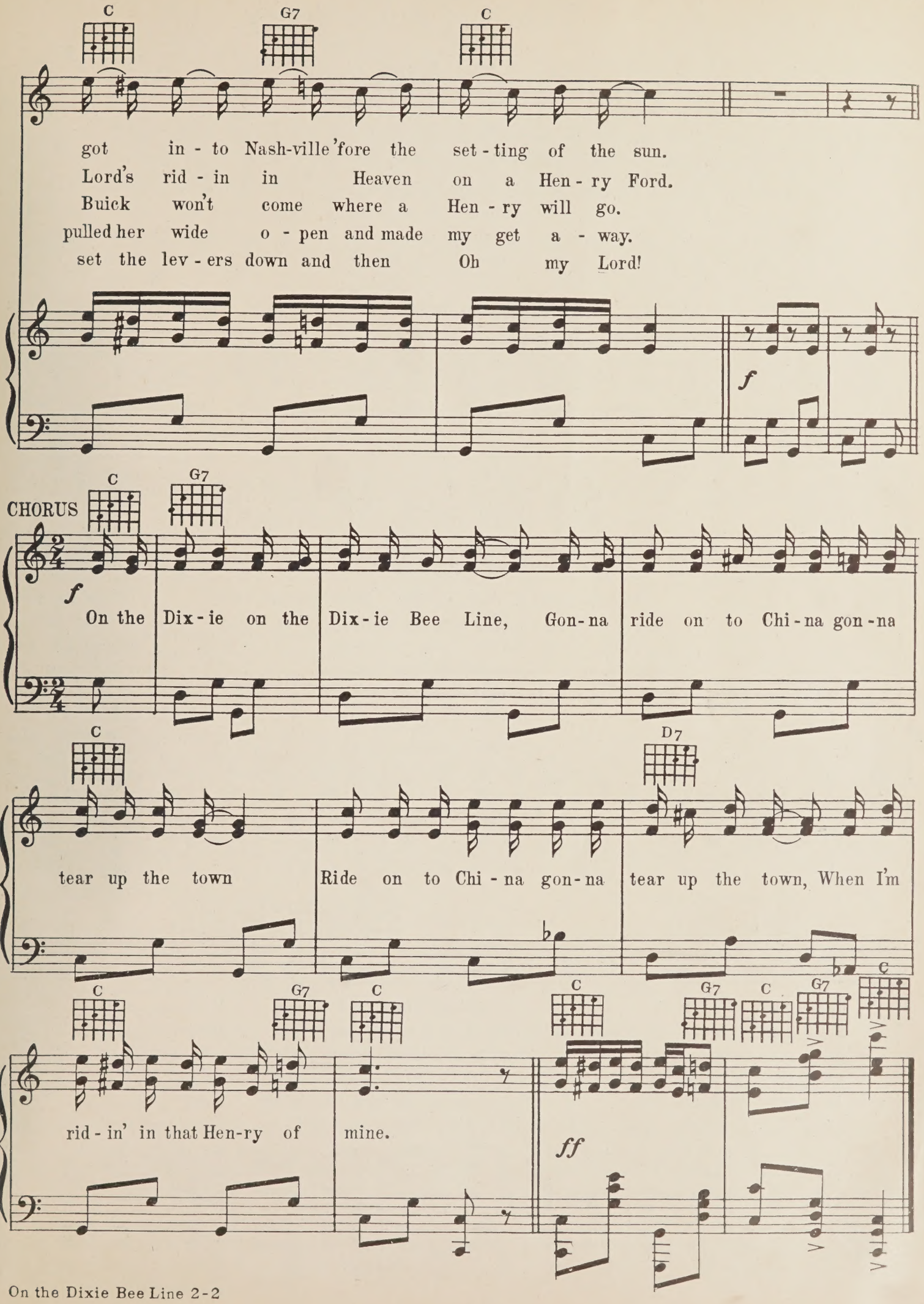
The Rovin' Gambler


Moderato
G
Emin
G
f
C
G
C
G
Till ready
G
Emin
G
Voice
mp
1. I am a rov-in' gambler, I gam-ble down in town, Where ev-er I meet with a
2. She took me in her par-lor, She cooled me with her fan, She whispered low in her
3. "Oh, moth-er, oh dear moth-er, You know I love you well, But the love I have for the
4. I hear the train a - com-in', A - com-in' 'round the curve, A - whist-lin' and a -
mp

C G C G Emin
deck of cards I lay my mon - ey down I had not been in
moth-er's ear, I love this gamb - lin' man. Oh, daught - er, oh, dear
gamb-lin' man No hu - man tongue can tell, "I've gambled down in
blow - in', A strain - in' ev - ry nerve, "Oh, moth - er, my dear
C
Wash - ing - ton Mar - y more weeks than three When I fell in love with a
daught-er, Why do you treat me so? To leave you dear old
Wash - ing - ton I've gambled down in Spain, I'm go - ing down in
moth - er, I'll tell you if I can, If you ev-er see me com - in'
C G C G
pret ty lit - tle girl, And she fell in love with me.
moth - er And with a gamb - ler go.
Geor - gi - a, To gam - ble my last game.
back a - gain, I'll be with the gamb - lin' man.
f

On the Dixie Bee Line

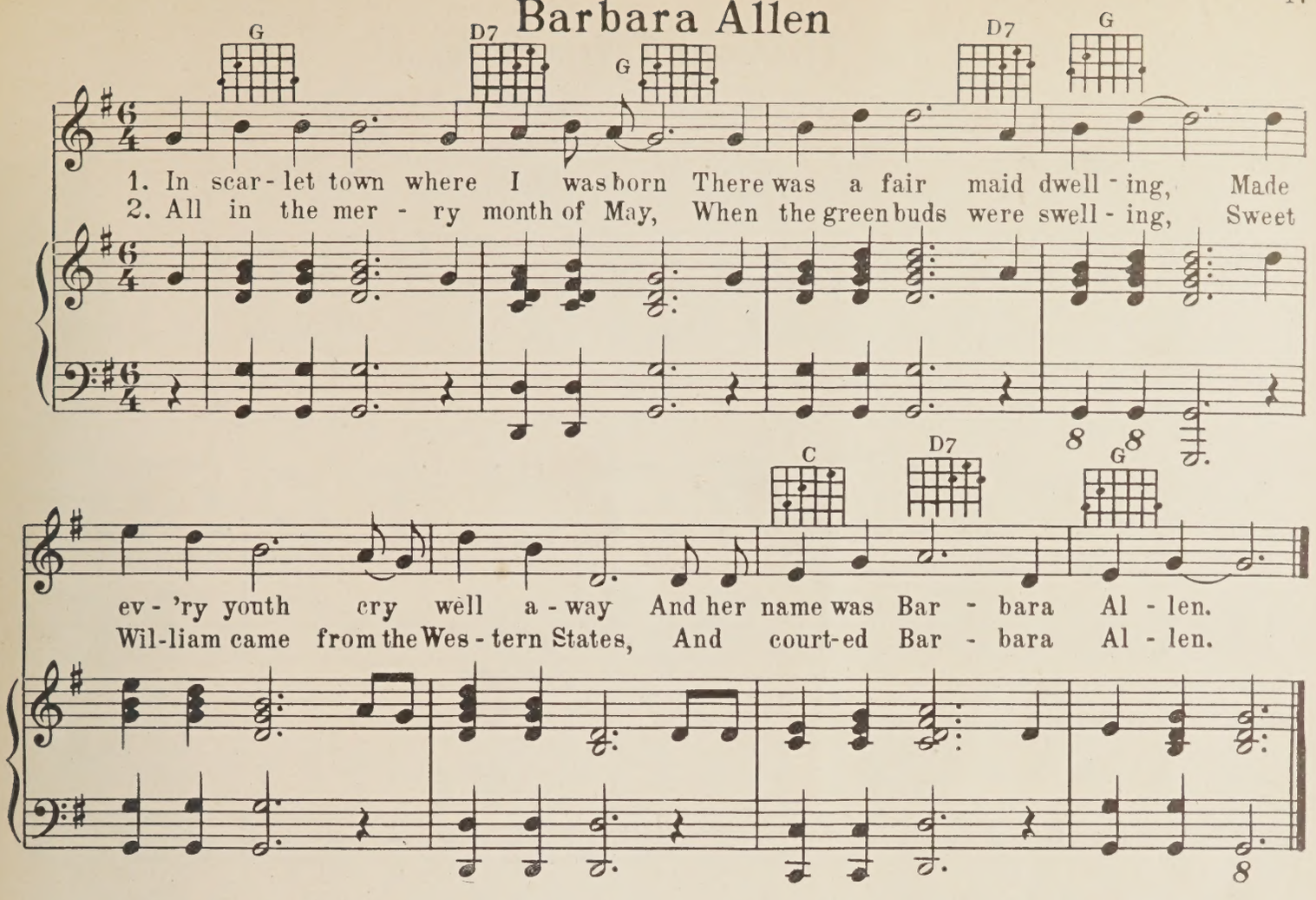

Moderato
f
C
G7
mf
1. Some folks say that a Ford won't run, Just let me tell you what my
2. Hen - ry Ford went to Mus - cle Shoals To bring to the peo-ple of the
3. That old Buick she sure treated me mean, Took all my mon-ey for to
4. Went to the mountain for to get some booze, On a Hen-ry Ford car was a
5. Ev - er-y - bo - dy knows the Hen-ry Ford car. Ev - 'ry-bod - y knows they's the
mf
C
D7
Hen - ry's done She left Lou - is - ville a - bout half - past one, And she
South pure gold Let him have it says O, my Lord The
buy gas - o - line She may be warm but I don't know, But A
one - eyed jew, The of - fi - cers got right on me I say, But I
best they are. Want to take a ride, just git - in a Ford, And


C
G7
C
got in - to Nash-ville 'fore the set - ting of the sun.
Lord's rid - in in Heaven on a Hen - ry Ford.
Buick won't come where a Hen - ry will go.
pulled her wide o - pen and made my get a - way.
set the lev - ers down and then Oh my Lord!
f
CHORUS
C
G7
f
On the Dix - ie on the Dix - ie Bee Line, Gon - na ride on to Chi - na gon - na
C
D7
tear up the town Ride on to Chi - na gon - na tear up the town, When I'm
C
G7
C
C
G7
C
G7
C
rid - in' in that Hen - ry of mine.
ff

Death of John Henry

G Emin G Emin G Emin G Emin
1. They cried out ex - tra that John Hen-ry was dead, Could - n't hardly stay in
2. They took John Hen-ry to that grave-yard, They looked at him good and
3. John Hen - ry's wife wore a brand new dress, It was all trimmed in
4. John Hen - ry told her she could, Lord she cried I
5. John Hen - ry told his cap - tain, I am a Ten-nes - see
6. John Hen - ry ham - mered in the moun - tain, Till the ham-mer caught on
G Emin G Emin G Emin G
bed Mon - day morn-ing on the East - bound train Home-ward John
long Ver-y last words that his wife said to him, My husband he is
blue Ver-y last words she said to him, Hen-ry I've been
think Who lays a hammer from the should - er, Bound to hear her
man Be-fore I'd see that stranger beat me down, Got to have a ham-mer
fire Ver-y last words I heard him say, "Cool drink of wa - ter
Emin G Emin G Emin G
Hen - ry's dead. Home-ward John Hen - ry's dead.
dead and gone. My husband he is dead and gone.
good to you. Hen-ry I've been good to you.
when she rings. Bound to hear her when she rings.
in my hand. Got to have a ham-mer in my hand.
'fore I die." "Cool drink of wa - ter 'fore I die."

Barbara Allen


G
D7
G
D7
G
1. In scar - let town where I was born There was a fair maid dwell - ing, Made
2. All in the mer - ry month of May, When the green buds were swell - ing, Sweet
C
D7
G
ev - 'ry youth cry well a - way And her name was Bar - bara Al - len.
Wil-liam came from the Wes - tern States, And court-ed Bar - bara Al - len.

3. It was all in the month of June,
When all things they were blooming
Sweet William on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

4. He sent his servants to the town,
Where Barbara was a dwelling
My master is sick and sends for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

5. And death is painted on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Then hasten away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

6. So slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she came nigh him
And all she said when she got there,
Young man I think you're dying

7. Oh yes I'm sick and very sick,
And death is on me dwelling
No better, no better I never can be,
If I can't have Barbara Allen.

8. Oh yes, you're sick and very sick,
And death is on you dwelling.
No better, no better you never will be,
For you can't have Barbara Allen.

9. Oh don't you remember in yonder town,
When you were at the tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen.

10. As she was on her highway home
The birds they kept a singing,
They sing so clear they seemed to say,
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

11. As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knelling;
And every stroke did seem to say,
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

12. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
She spied his corpse a coming.
Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
That I may look upon him.

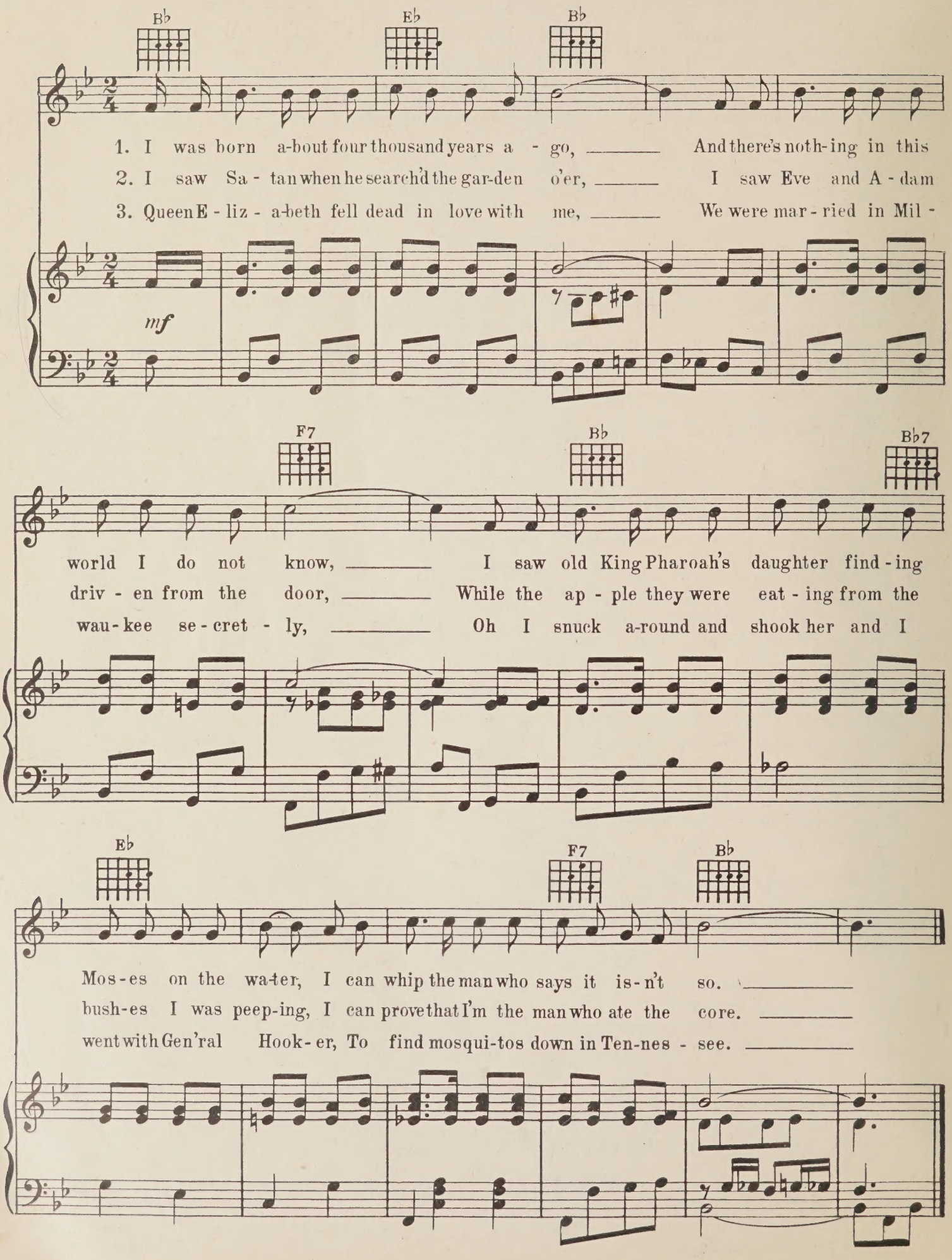
13. The more she looked, the more she mourned,
Till she fell to the ground a crying.
Saying take me up and carry me home,
For I am now a dying.

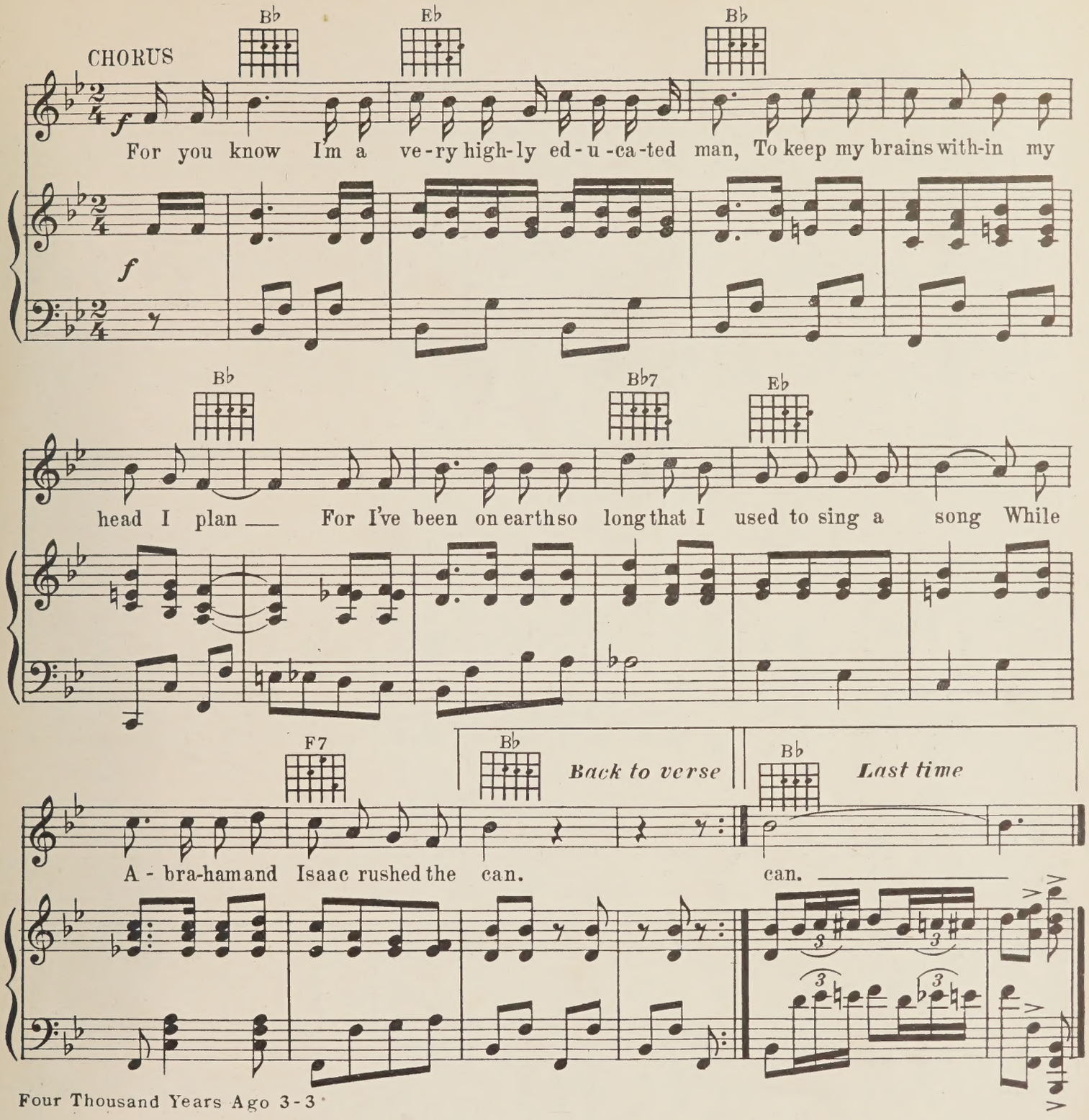
14. O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for pure, pure love
And I shall die for sorrow.

15. O Father, O Father go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow.

16. She was buried in the old church yard
And he was buried a-nigh her.
On Williams grave there grew a red rose
On Barbara's grew a green briar.

Four Thousand Years Ago


B♭
E♭
B♭
1. I was born a-bout four thousand years a - go, And there's noth-ing in this
2. I saw Sa - tan when he search'd the gar-den o'er, I saw Eve and A - dam
3. Queen E - liz - a-beth fell dead in love with me, We were mar - ried in Mil -
mf
F7
B♭
B♭7
world I do not know, I saw old King Pharoah's daughter find - ing
driv - en from the door, While the ap - ple they were eat - ing from the
wau - kee se - cret - ly, Oh I snuck a-round and shook her and I
E♭
F7
B♭
Mos - es on the wa-ter, I can whip the man who says it is - n't so.
bush-es I was peep-ing, I can prove that I'm the man who ate the core.
went with Gen'ral Hook - er, To find mosqui-tos down in Ten-nes - see.



EXTRA VERSES

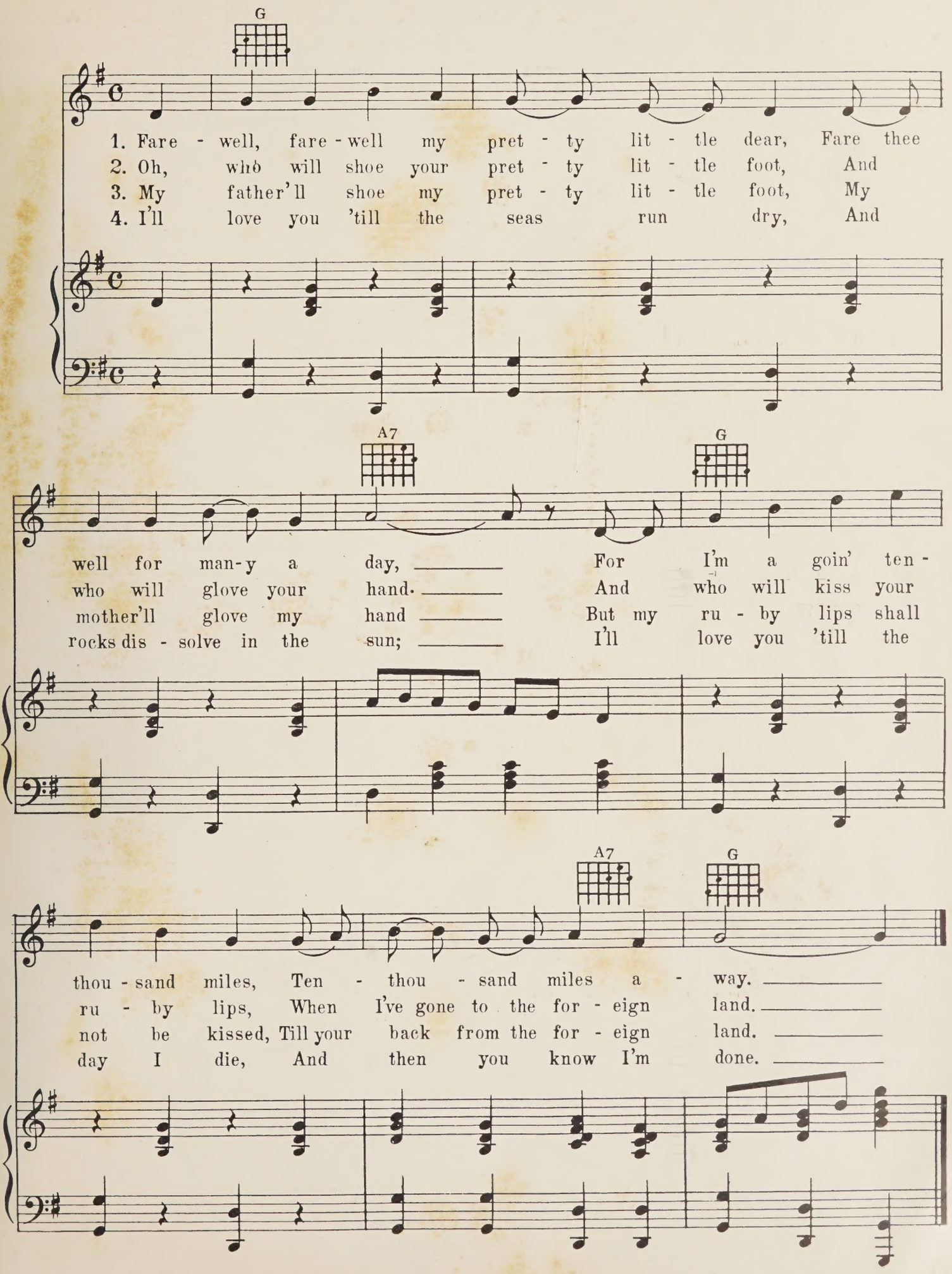
I saw Noah when he built his famous Ark,
I slipped into it one night when it was dark
I saw Jonah swallow the whale, and I pulled the lion's tail,
And I crossed the land of Canaan on a lark.

I saw Cain lead little Abel in the glade,
And I know the game was poker that they play'd
I was right there in the shrub, when he killed her with a
And I know it was a diamond or a spade. club.

I helped Brigham Young invent limberger cheese,
I taught Solomon his little A. B. C's,
Oh I sailed out on the bay with Methuselah one day,
And I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze.

Annie Rooney

Pretty Little Dear


G
1. Fare - well, fare - well my pret - ty lit - tle dear, Fare thee
2. Oh, who will shoe your pret - ty lit - tle foot, And
3. My father'll shoe my pret - ty lit - tle foot, My
4. I'll love you 'till the seas run dry, And
A7
G
well for man-y a day, For I'm a goin' ten -
who will glove your hand. And who will kiss your
mother'll glove my hand But my ru - by lips shall
rocks dis - solve in the sun; I'll love you 'till the
A7
G
thou - sand miles, Ten - thou - sand miles a - way.
ru - by lips, When I've gone to the for - eign land.
not be kissed, Till your back from the for - eign land.
day I die, And then you know I'm done.

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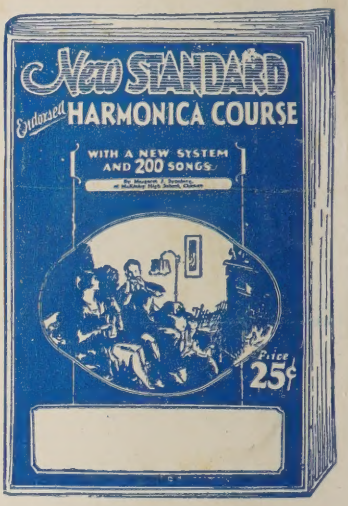

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